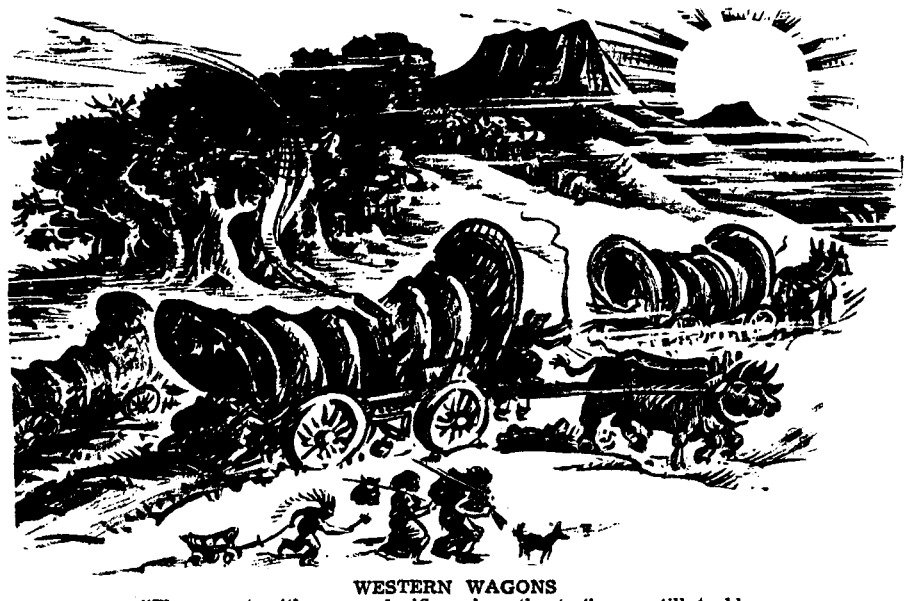
DEC 11 1933

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1933 — NUMBER 18



WESTERN WAGONS
"They went with axe and rifle, when the trail was still to blaze,
They went with wife and children, in the prairie schooner days."
Drawing by Charles Child, for "A Book of Americans."

New Deal Propaganda

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION: First Phase. By Ernest K. Lindley. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.50.

THE AMERICAN WAY: Franklin Roosevelt in Action. By Earle Looker. With an Introduction by Edward M. House. New York: The John Day Company. 1933. $2.50.

CONTROL FROM THE TOP. By Francis Neilson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $1.50.

AMERICA SWINGS TO THE LEFT. By Alva Lee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1933. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

HAVING passed through its first triumphant phase, the New Deal is facing a long pull and a hard pull, and is doing its utmost to make it pull all together. A million and a half volunteers, no less, are to engage in a house-to-house canvas, explaining to housewives how happy they should be amid the rise of commodity prices. Cabinet members and Congressmen are to rattle the typewriter and thump the desk—possibly excepting Secretary Hull, Senator Glass, and Budget-Director Douglas. The avowed opponents of Nira, meanwhile, are also taking time by the forelock. Two of the four volumes in hand flout her and scout her, rejoicing in the conviction that they must eventually rout her.

All the books are by able and experienced writers who have abundant means of informing themselves and have been zealous in taking advantage of them, each in his own way. But all alike ignore an element in our sad predicament which, if I mistake not, affords the only possible clue to the future that awaits us. To predict just what that clue will lead to, and how soon it will get us there, would be the most obvious folly. That is perhaps why our propagandists, pro and con, have preferred to ignore it, admitting no possible doubt; for omniscience is the badge of all their tribe. Yet few things afford so fair a background for timid and groping truth as the robustious asseveration of half truths mutually contradictory.

Francis Neilson's "Control from the Top" need not detain us. Avoiding a direct assault upon President Roosevelt, it attacks the Brain Trust as if it were all that mattered. But events have moved

(*Continued on following page*)

History on Holiday

A BOOK OF AMERICANS. By Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

HEROES AND HEROINES. By Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD

BY some curious coincidence, the Benéts and Farjeons in their separate imaginations, and in their separate countries, have disjointly produced in verse two books which celebrate in a pleasant supplementary fashion the lives of great Americans and of the world's heroes and heroines. In each volume the approach is singularly the same. They are designed for "the young of all ages," as de la Mare once said, and it is certain that children as well as adults will read them with equal and unsuppressed delight. But the similarity does not end here. The verses themselves are from astonishingly equal and even similar pens, seizing alike upon the best-known or second best-known attributes, weaknesses, abilities, or peculiarities of the subject. George Washington and Pocahontas, for example, are common to both books. In Farjeon hands the Washington theme is the anticipated "upright son who would not tell a whopper"; the Benéts, searching for something different, present the father of our country in the light of what he might have been.

"And, where on earth would we be, then?

I'm glad that George was George."

One thing is certain: these books were written pleasurably for pleasure. We may not say to the Farjeons, "where are Genghis Khan and Hannibal and William the Conqueror?" Nor shall we ask the Benéts why they left out Molly Pitcher and Custer and Thomas Edison. It doesn't matter. The heads of two families have done their own family job in their own family way; and if we don't fancy their heroes or their heroines, we shall have declined indeed in taste if we can dislike their homely or witty portraits. This is not the Farjeon we recall in "Martin Pippin" nor the Benét in "John Brown's Body." Better poets were writing them. There is looseness and carelessness in the new things (with the Benéts especially) that we don't remember. But the shrewdness and the sympathy underneath we do remember. Here is

(*Continued on page* 269)

Day Before Yesterday

OUR TIMES, The United States 1900-1925. *Volume V: Over Here,* 1914-1918. *By Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES SEYMOUR

MARK SULLIVAN'S history of "Our Times" has all the entertainment invariably derived from looking over the family photograph album, more exactly perhaps, the old college scrap-book. It has also the serious value attaching to a detailed and comprehensive chronicle, especially one that concerns the period most easily forgotten, "the history of day-before-yesterday." Unlike the conventional chronicle, by the multitude of its details and the vividness with which they are set forth in word and picture, it recaptures the atmosphere of the time it records. The reader of "Over Here" comes as close to reliving the four and a half war years in the United States as his present individual physical and mental preoccupations permit. He is very cold-blooded if he is not again caught in the emotional vortex of irritation, pride, prejudice, hatred, cruelty, personal self-sacrifice, national devotion, international idealism, which during those years determined his life and his attitude.

It is a good thing for the citizen of today to remember what he was thinking then and why he did what he did. It is equally essential for the historian to understand not merely intellectually but emotionally the spirit of neutral and wartime America, if he is to explain adequately the march of events that dragged the United States into a war with which we had nothing to do but from which we could not escape, placed us completely if temporarily in control of world policies, and just as suddenly led us to repudiate the principles which we had so loudly proclaimed. The importance of the entrance and the exit of America must be appreciated if we are to understand the origins of existing world confusion. Mark Sullivan gives a great deal of material explaining both the entrance and exit.

His early chapters portray America's first impressions of the war in Europe, while it was still little more than a distant and rather exciting moving-picture show. That we might become involved was almost universally regarded as unthinkable. We allowed ourselves the luxury of moral belligerency; very few were careful to observe Wilson's admonition to neutrality of thought. But actual intervention hardly crossed the mind of the most intense partisan. The succeeding chapters show with inexorable clarity the helplessness of the United States to determine its own policy. Because of our productive power, the Allied need for munitions, and their control of the seas, we found ourselves entangled in a dispute with them that touched the vital rights of neutrality. It might have been possible for us to have increased the intensity of our protests or even to have translated them into action. Lord Grey has confessed that the Allies were so far dependent upon us that they must perforce have submitted to our demands, even though it meant the relaxaton or practical abandonment of the blockade against Germany. Mr. Sullivan adduces ample evidence of the ferocity of the outcry in America against Allied methods of controlling our trade. He himself insists that "our protests were not as strong as Britain's acts called for." But in pushing the dispute with the Allies to the ultimate point that our lawyers might justify we should certainly have been compelled to sacrifice the profits that poured in from the British-controlled but equally lucrative trade. Neither Government nor people were prepared to pay the price. Thus naturally the Germans, suffering from Allied command of the seas, complained of the unneutral attitude of America. Mr. Sullivan's pages trace the methods, direct and indirect, by which they hoped to interrupt the sale of American munitions to the Allies and to break the Allied blockade: propaganda and pressure upon Congress; sabotage and incitement to strikes; finally the use of the submarine. The German historians who find it difficult to understand why America permitted an Allied commercial interference that starved German babies and yet objected hysterically to the sinking of a few passenger ships, ought to read these pages.

The United States with every desire to remain neutral was thus gripped in a quarrel with each belligerent side. As the deadlock in Europe tightened, belligerent methods, whether of the blockade or submarine, became more intensive. We were not in the war but were caught by the war. Hence Wilson's attempts to initiate peace negotiations, which were by no means the nervous meddling of a political-minded busybody, but carefully considered efforts to shape a positive policy that would rescue America from a state of neutrality that was becoming increasingly unbearable. The ending of the war was the sole alternative to our intervention.

Mr. Sullivan, in his comments, does not, I think, appreciate the full significance of Wilson's mediatory diplomacy. He certainly has no conception of the background behind Wilson's peace offer of December, 1916, when he says of the President: "His hurry seemed to suggest a fear on his part lest the belligerents make peace on the basis of the Kaiser's tender, before he could get his own broader proposal before the world. . . . Wilson affirmed that this must

This Week

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES
By LYTTON STRACHEY
Reviewed by Raymond Weaver

MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES
By JAMES THURBER
Reviewed by Gilbert Seldes

RABBLE IN ARMS
By KENNETH ROBERTS
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BIRD-LOVER
By FRANK M. CHAPMAN
Reviewed by H. E. Dounce

JUNGLE MEMORIES
By HENRY H. RUSBY
Reviewed by William Beebe

Children's Books

Reviews and articles on the new books for boys and girls appear on page 271 and following.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not be a private peace, he and the United States must be allowed to take a hand." None of the documents available since the war in this connection, which Mr. Sullivan has apparently not utilized, permit the supposition that Wilson wanted anything more than the conclusion of the war on a basis of guarantee against its renewal. He wanted the war stopped because if it went on conditions which the President himself described as "intolerable" would force us in. On the other hand, Mr. Sullivan does fine service to history by making plain that after the failure of the peace notes and the renewal of the German unrestricted submarine warfare, American intervention became inevitable. The strength of the feeling that Roosevelt whipped up in the election campaign, against the "weasel words" of Wilson, had prepared the minds of thousands of Republicans for "strong action." Wilson himself, although elected on a pacifist slogan, had publicly committed himself in the previous April to a breaking of diplomatic relations if the Germans withdrew their *Sussex* pledge. The unrestricted submarine campaign meant our intervention, and the German Ambassador never failed to warn Berlin of the fact.

The latter portion of the book is the chronicle of America's war effort at home: the planning and institution of the draft; the gathering of the troops and the life in the cantonments; conscientious objectors; the general organizing of effort; the war industries board; shipping; food control; the committee on public information. Two brief chapters on the armistice precede the long final chapter of the narrative devoted to the peace conference and Wilson's collapse. The book concludes with a hundred pages of pure chronicle.

One of Mr. Sullivan's earlier volumes was praised for the reason that it "is no academic history." We might go even further and say that it is no history at all. The reader should be warned that this superb chronicle of events as they seemed to contemporaries does not invariably picture events as they actually took place. If you want the evanescent atmosphere that

"WHAT MORE DO WE NEED?"
A cartoon from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer *on Wilson's opposition to preparedness.*

which the author imparts to his picture of the popular reaction to what the crowd thought happened, would disappear if he went on to tell what really happened. Mr. Sullivan is probably too good a journalist to be a good historian. He cannot escape his own impressions of men and events, those impressions that give life to his pages. His book is redolent of the first-rate contemporary journalist's judgment of men and the times. He has the journalist's preference for the lighter type of historical source material, especially the accounts of his colleagues, and he uses all sorts of sources without making any distinction as to their validity. A story told years after the event by Mr. Creel or a phrase by some anonymous biographer he asks us to accept at face value. He makes little use of the more serious diaries and letters; most of the histories he cites carry little authority; with all his discussion of Wilsonian diplomacy there is no reference to the official diplomatic correspondence just published by the Department of State. So far as critical examination of facts goes, the book might almost have been written in 1920.

Inevitably, therefore, the author gives expression to a good many opinions that were current in Washington during the war but have been discarded by historians since, and which should be classified as exaggerations or inaccuracies. Neither the President's secretary nor the chairman of the committee on public information influenced American policy quite so much as the reader would suppose. To attribute the origin of the Fourteen Points to Mr. Creel is a confession of ignorance as to what went on behind the scenes of the interallied conference of November, 1917. The implication that Wilson turned to preparedness for political reasons is certainly misleading. It is definitely confusing to state that the Allies "had given no formal, contractual endorsement to Wilson's pronouncements," inasmuch as in their reply of June, 1919, to German protests, the Allies formally admitted that the belligerents were bound to accept the Fourteen Points as the basis of the peace.

Such inaccuracies spoil a history but make comparatively little difference in the value of a chronicle. It may even be argued that it is just as important to know what people thought happened as to know what really happened. In this sense the material in Mr. Sullivan's book can be as useful for the future writing of history as it is entertaining to the casual reader.

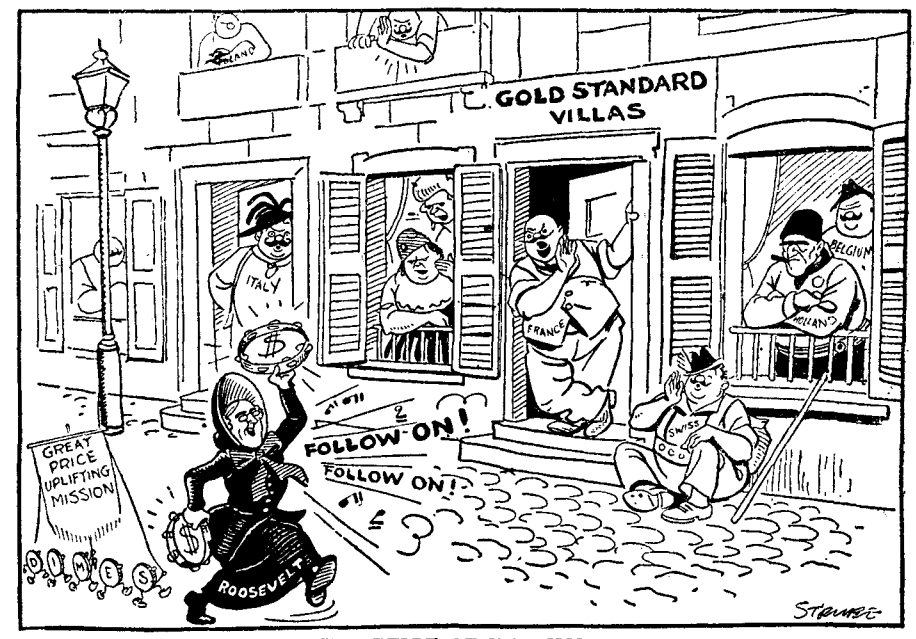
* *

Charles Seymour, who is professor of history at Yale and provost of the university, was chief of the Austro-Hungarian division of the American Commission to negotiate peace, and as such took part in the Paris Peace Conference. He is the author among other works of "Woodrow Wilson and the World War" and collaborated with Colonel House in "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House."

New Deal Propaganda

(*Continued from first page*)

rapidly of late. Not even the multitudinous advisers known as the Professoriat are now thought to hold a monopoly control over the President of the United States. Mr. Neilson's dissection of Messrs. Moley, Berle, and Tugwell is mostly word-splitting and logic chopping, and not very clear-cut at that. But his style is edged with irony and sarcasm, and it amuses so far as his personal diatribes interest, which is not very far.



THE BELLE OF NEW YORK
A London Express *cartoonist comments on our fiscal policy*

fact that he is a disciple of the rugged individualism of Herbert Hoover, and he accepts all the implications of nineteenth-century laissez faire. Grandly he exhorts us to go back to Herbert Spencer for the truth about this "socialism" of the New Deal. He gives short shrift to the idea of a managed currency and a controlled inflation, which have put so many able and honest economists at loggerheads. Not that he is himself less able and honest. If what one wants is an exposition of the economic theory and practice out of which depressions such as ours have sprung, one could go much farther and fare worse—though his recipe for avoiding them hereafter leaves something to be desired.

In some respects he is thoroughly abreast of the time. The Republican folly of insisting on the payment of war debts while steadily raising the tariff has never been more clearly exposed—nor the folly which is tempting the Democrats to better that instruction. So also the time-serving baseness of our handling of the farm problem. Even more striking is his description of the way in which equalitarian democracy has defeated itself, replacing majority rule with a tyranny of organized minorities, and has in general poisoned congressional and parliamentary government. Nineteenth-century individualism he bolts entire; but he retches convulsively against nineteenth-century democracy as it appears in the twentieth century.

His criticism of the Blue Eagle may well give pause even to its most enthusiastic supporters. Manufacturers and merchants are called upon to bear the chief burden of increased wages and shorter hours. General Johnson has likened the method to that of an advertising campaign — bread on the waters which returns with an increment. The similitude is alluring. But it is no secret that, by and large, manufacturers have no funds for an advertising campaign nor consumers for being "sold." Thousands of business men, if they are to escape bankruptcy, are obliged to pass on much or all of the increased cost of labor to the consumer. As the laborer is himself a consumer, how is he better off? This is not all. The wholesaler also has higher wages to pay; so has the retailer. If they too pass the buck, as many undoubtedly must, the cost to the consumer is increased in something like geometric ratio. Even if one and all reing power and the resultant increase in effective demand. It is only after many days that bread returns from the waters. Meantime the world is plunged into the most harrowing uncertainty, foreboding. Multitudes of business men face the alternative of going bust or being called chiselers, and the compliance boards can do little or nothing in their behalf. At best we have an increase of prices to all, out of proportion even to the increased incomes of the more fortunate few. One would have to be very unemployed to envy those million and a half young men their jobs of explaining. So far as Federal control breaks down, it must be admitted, the old truths of laissez faire become for the moment plausible.

A fact remains, however, of which Mr. Lee seems blandly unaware. The two Herberts, Spencer and Hoover, to the contrary, we are no longer living in the nineteenth century. During a full generation and more abuses of individual liberty, of laissez faire, have developed in the world of industry which have rendered, or have seemed to render, some degree of Federal control indispensable. Mr. Lee is of the opinion that the Interstate Commerce Commission was a mistake from the start and should be abolished, leaving the railways to do as they please short of actual criminality. But even he does not venture to call for the abolition of the Federal Reserve Board which, in its different field, has a function precisely analogous. That crucial instance he sidesteps. One contention of the New Dealers, however, he does face, and it gives him a very bad quarter of a page. The blissful régime of laissez faire has been punctured at intervals by increasing spasms of anguish which culminated in the present unpleasantness. Are we to take no measures to prevent it? Oh, yes, says Mr. Lee. But the real trouble is not at all what you think it. The real trouble is not the depressions but the speculation, the inflation, which precedes and causes them—not 1932 but 1929. All you have to do is to prevent speculation, inflation.

But how? Mr. Lee is himself a most eloquent witness as to the venality, the stupid cowardice, of Congress. Would he put it up to Congress to take measures against inflation? On second thought, even he must laugh. In the case of the railways, he proposes the same procedure —laissez faire tempered by federal statute. But that is precisely what Congress attempted, long ago—the Sherman act of 1890 with a feeble and jejune Interstate Commerce Commission to act as its spy. Since then the story has been of a steady strengthening of the Interstate Commerce Commission at the expense of the Sherman and Clayton acts—of the appointed and presumably non-political administrative tribunal as against acts of blanket legislation. And this is equally true of the Federal Reserve Board and also of the more dubious Federal Trade Commission, the powers of both of which have steadily and irresistibly increased. The New Deal, in brief, with its concentration of powers in the hands of been growing upon us for half a century. The culmination—or the reductio ad absurdum?

That is the crucial question, and nothing more surely stamps as propaganda all four of the books in hand than the fact that they ignore it. They do not stand alone. In all the floods of discussion nothing is so remarkable as the absence of historic sense, of the disposition to appraise present developments with regard to their roots in actualities of the more or less immediate past and to their possibilities of future development. If one is justified in looking anywhere for the historic sense untinged by propaganda it is to the Harvard Business School, and to the *Yale Review* which is edited by a Yale professor now Governor of Connecticut. Incidentally it may be remarked that both Professor Cabot and Governor Cross are Democrats, that Professor Cabot's article was doubtless intended as praise of the Administration, and that to the casual reader it seems most laudatory. Yet Professor Cabot finds the *primum mobile* of the New Deal in the fact, or the alleged fact, that "the moral fibre of the nation," once capable of sustaining adversity in a manner worthy of the Anglo-Saxon, had become so weakened as to quail before a fourth year of the depression, so that "unless immediate action were taken revolution might break out." And he can find no better word for President Roosevelt's program than *opportunism*—"opportunism as a national policy." Call you that backing a friend?

For a far truer picture of President Roosevelt's mind in these matters, a picture which is infinitely more to his credit, one does not have to go beyond the pages of Earle Looker and Ernest Lindley, casual and fragmentary though they are in matters historic and economic. Both are trained writers, masters of graphic and lively presentation, and both have had exceptional opportunity for intimate first-hand observation of their hero in crises of political decision—Mr. Looker as an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apparently self-appointed champion, and Mr. Lindley in his capacity of correspondent, at Albany and at Washington, for the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

The portrait both draw is of a man of abundant humor and vitality, emerging with a laugh from sessions of labor that leave his co-workers prostrate; original and well-grounded in his own mental processes, yet hospitable to the thought of others and eagerly seeking it; possessed of and possessed by political instincts of the shrewdest if not the most ruggedly honorable, yet capable of heroic boldness and tenacity of purpose. Mr. Looker is at once more anecdotal and more frank with regard to certain divagations in political manœuvre, giving an approximately true picture of ruthless distortions of truth which Mr. Lindley glosses over. With regard to the Congressional investigation of the Morgan firm, to be sure, neither makes any reference to the honorably stabilizing influence which the firm has exerted in behalf of national and international affairs, nor to Ferdinand Pecora's handling of newspaper correspondents by which it was blazoned throughout the world that the partners "paid" no income taxes during lean years—the fact being that, owing to the stupidest of acts of Congress, they had paid enormous sums during the fat years and so, in 1931-32, *owed* no income taxes. But Mr. Looker, while citing the investigation as an example of "Roosevelt's almost uncanny appreciation of factors by which public opinion is made and led," very broadly hints that in reality it was only in his own words, "setting up a well-known straw man to be knocked down." Mr. Lindley puts the House of Morgan on the level of Tammany Hall, both being "maintained by . . . what the reformers loosely and, of course, inaccurately, call graft." Strictly construed, this statement would lift Tammany to the level of the banking firm which still stands preëminent among all those investigated. Yet of the two propagandists Mr. Lindley is more detailed and illuminating as regards the personalities at play in the Roosevelt entourage, the ideas that went into the making of the New Deal, and its progress during the past eight months.

To Mr. Roosevelt's thinking, the New Deal is no newer than the world whose problem it is endeavoring to solve. His point of view is primarily historic. "What I emphasize," Mr. Lindley quotes him as saying in speeches extending over a period of many years, "what I plead recognition for, is the fact that in the thirty years of the twentieth century more vital changes in the whole structure of civilization have taken place than in the three hundred years which went before." The lingering ghosts of laissez faire, which still obsess the school of his partisans typified by *The Yale Review*, he looks upon with clear-eyed appraisal.

If only to defend the rights of the individual, to leave him untrammeled to contribute his own peculiar service to society, there must be a comprehensive and comprehending central power, a power so flexible and omnipresent as to be beyond the scope of blanket legislation—a power already exemplified in commissions such as those which have long controlled interstate commerce and banking and likewise in the many authorities operating under the New Deal. And to this defensive function must be added a constructive function equally important to the liberation of the individual and to the welfare of the nation. The individual must be not only permitted but helped to express himself. All this was said long ago by President Roosevelt's fourth cousin Theodore when he provided the Interstate Commerce Commission with teeth. But his successor adds one mighty idea, the most modern. "The NRA," as Mr. Lindley writes, "is a planned economy in embryonic form."

Much or most of this might have been learned from Governor Roosevelt's campaign speeches, even by his laissez-faire backers who so persistently back the wrong way. Precisely in order to protect individual liberty, said Governor Roosevelt, and to give it the widest possible enfranchisement, intervention by the central government is necessary. More than that, businesses great and small "must" be made to give heed to the central purpose and plan. But that was not all. In the same speech an idea was broached which neither Theodore Roosevelt nor his most clear-sighted converts to the administrative tribunal had dared to entertain.

So far as possible the several basic industries and the multitudinous trade associations were to be allowed to govern themselves. "An economic constitutional order" composed of business leaders in coöperation with the Federal Government, was "the minimum requirement of a more permanently safe order of things." The speech at the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco (from which these phrases are taken and which may be found in President Roosevelt's recent volume, "Looking Forward") is undoubtedly what Mr. Lindley calls it, "the most significant utterance made by any major candidate for the Presidency in a generation, if not a much longer period." Mr. Lindley adds that it will be recognized as such "if the American experiment succeeds."

That doubt haunts both his and Mr. Looker's concluding pages, though always behind the veil of the boom psychology to which we are all exhorted. There can be little doubt that the New Deal has tried to do too much and to do it too soon. And it is becoming daily more evident that, as both writers imply, it would have carried us farther and faster if it had not conceived the bright but rather oblique idea of calling upon sorely harrassed business and that poor goat the ultimate consumer to pay the freight for one and all. A speeding of public works and of "heavy" construction in general, financed by the credit of the nation as a whole, seems now to have been the wiser and the fairer point of attack. The fear that before an about-face can be accomplished, before the individual income can be made to match the individual outgo, Congressional inflation will intervene, is also a ghost behind the veil. Others beside Professor Cabot and his rearward school of backers may soon come to see in the New Deal only astute political opportunism conditioned by a weakening of moral fibre.

Yet as regards the fundamental idea of national planning, those who realize how firmly it is rooted in present actuality and current developments have still a hopeful clue. Cries of Bolshevism and Fascism, of dictatorship and bureaucracy, have no relevancy to a régime that is not upheld by an army, but is authorized by act of Congress and terminable at its pleasure. In one way the New Deal is more thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the Constitution than any of the democratic innovations of the nineteenth century. The central and all-informing idea of both is to create a stable balance between the momentary will of "the many" and the farther-seeing wisdom of "the few." The world of 1933 is vastly different from that of 1787; but now as then the prime purpose is that men of experience and proved ability shall conduct our affairs, under a mandate from the people and subject always to recall.

Perhaps the most hopeful sign of the times is the enthusiasm with which leaders of industry have welcomed the new codes and are coöperating to make them effective. Hot off the griddle as the books in hand are, they were written before Gerard Swope's recent proposal of industrial self-government supervised primarily by the United States Chamber of Commerce and only secondarily amenable to the national government. But that proposal is no novelty. Mr. Swope himself made it two years ago, and it was welcomed by many publicists as different as Owen Young and Nicholas Murray Butler, by many organizations as different as the Chamber of Commerce and the American Federation of Labor.

It will doubtless be decades and may be generations before any coherent plan is developed for the self-government of industry; but, under Franklin Roosevelt, all the more liberal forces of today seem to be steadily leading in that direction.

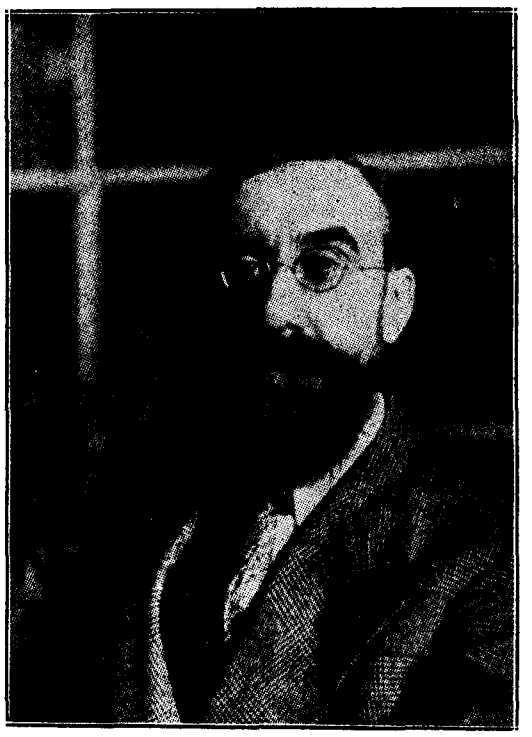
John Corbin is the author of "The Return of the Middle Class," and was formerly an editorial writer on the New York Times.

Strachey's First and Last

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES. By Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND WEAVER

DURING his too brief life of fifty-two years, Lytton Strachey published six books. And now we have the seventh and posthumous volume, collected by one of the two brothers to whom "Elizabeth and Essex" had been dedicated: Mr. James Strachey. Of this last volume, the editor says: "It contains almost the whole of the remainder of his published contributions to periodicals, apart from the long series of unsigned reviews which he wrote for the *Spectator* from the year 1905 onward and of which I have chosen only a single example." This single example is entitled "A Russian Humorist," — the humorist being none other than Dostoievsky. The inclusions that Mr. Strachey has made of his brother's articles he justifies by two good reasons: "firstly, because the presence of these earlier essays (which he himself would probably have rejected) gives us an opportunity for studying the development of his style over a period of nearly thirty years; and secondly, because each of them contains some passage at least that seems to me to be of intrinsic interest and merit." Three other scattered writings of Strachey's are also included: an introduction to a reprint of one of Mrs. Inchbald's novels; a preface to Mr. George Ryland's "Words and Poetry"; Strachey's Leslie Stephen Lecture upon Pope (1925). Besides, two pieces *inédits* are included (another "First and Last" and by far not the least interesting of the whole rich collection): a series of chapters upon "English Letter Writers," written in 1905, when Strachey was twenty-five; an unfinished study upon "Othello" on which Strachey was engaged at the time of his death,—this last being one of a series of essays which Strachey had planned to write upon some of Shakespeare's plays.



LYTTON STRACHEY
From his last photograph

Most of this volume is, indeed, "of intrinsic interest and merit," and in especial the essay on Voltaire, and the lecture on Pope. Withal, taken exclusively on its own intrinsic merits, it would be of negligible importance, and some of it (as the first sixty-four pages on "English Letter Writers") vulnerable to just attack. In the light of Strachey's achievement in his trinity of masterpieces, however, the volume is of extraordinary interest, and in two outstanding ways. First, for the constant revelation of the prejudices, the pieties, of Strachey; the compass and limitation of his interests, and the malicious ingenuity with which he can convert a personal antipathy into a universal proposition of right reason. There is throughout a kind of preciosity of taste. His pieties are rooted chiefly, of course, in France, and in the England of the eighteenth century. Of the age of Pope he says: "That society was perhaps the most civilized that our history has ever known. Never, at any rate, before or since, has literature been so respected in England." And a major portion of the book seems to be written around that society; a society which seems "most fittingly to live and move and have its being in some well-ordered garden, where the afternoons are long, and the peaches are plump and soft, and the library and the wine and the servants are within comfortable distance." In passing from the world of Walpole to that of Byron and the generations since, Strachey confesses to "a strange and violent shock."

> Everything has changed; not only the "atmosphere," the general point of view; but the very form and manner of the expressions, the very clothing of the meanest thoughts, have undergone a mysterious transmutation. . . The inhabitants have new faces, and speak a language which was never heard before.

What disturbs Strachey most about this new spirit is its "extreme vitality"; and its cumulative effect is like a tonic or a seabreeze. And the picture that Strachey gives of himself trying to react appropriately to seabreezes and tonics is one of the quaintest in the book: "he himself begins to wish to throw his ink-bottle through the window, to practice pistol-shooting in bed, to scatter his conversation with resounding oaths." The picture is an embarrassing one; as is the spectacle of Strachey's attempt, in "Bango-Bango in Whitehall," to be up-to-date in his humor. He is too cerebral for hearty laughter, too exquisitely civilized not to be ridiculous in any attempts at "extreme vitality." Quite rightly is his heart "for polish and for Pope." And Pope himself, could he have viewed it without excruciating envy, would have admitted Strachey's "French Poets through Boston Eyes"—a review of Amy Lowell's "Six French Poets," and as brilliantly malicious and unfair as Pope's portrait of Addison.

Aside from the interest that attaches itself to this book as both revealing and betraying an exceptional personality, the book is invaluable for a study of the development of one of the few great styles of this century. It has the same appeal as Gide's "*Le Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs*" which was dedicated to Jacques de Lacretelle *et à ceux que les questions de métier intéressent*. Chiefly does this book exhibit that of the characteristic French traits which he listed for admiration in his first book, the "love of rhetoric," and which was the one most likely to betray him. In 1905 he wrote, evidently under the spell of Sir Thomas Browne: "The washing-bills of the Pharaohs are preserved to us, but not their love-letters; and the vain chit-chat of Pliny's correspondence has outlived all the gravity of the letters of Tacitus. The end of Time is more favorable to epistolary immortality than its beginnings and its maturity," etc., etc. Eighteen years later he concluded an essay on Sarah Bernhardt:

> The *voix d'or* has often been raved over; but in Sarah Bernhardt's voice there was more than gold; there was thunder and lightning; there was Heaven and Hell. But the pitcher is broken at the fountain; that voice is now silent forever, and the Terror and the Pity that lived in it and purged the souls of mortals have faded into incommunicable dreams.

Arthur Symons might have written this —or Pater—or Wilde. Surely there was a profound sympathy in Lytton Strachey for that Victorian Age which he so caustically arraigned, and much of his satire would seem to have been in its last resort a discipline through self-mockery.

Raymond Weaver is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN..... *Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS ... *Assistant Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 18.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1933, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

The Child's World

In a review in the *Nation* of a current play involving children and their relationship to the adult world, Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch stands up for the adult world in great shape, and ruggedly champions it against the children's idea that it is all very silly. He is severe to those of us who feel occasionally that, sex not being the be-all and end-all of existence, it might be rather fun, for a change, not to have grown up at all. For anyone who conveys this natural nostalgia in print is subject to "sickly fancy" according to Mr. Krutch, just as Mr. Benchley in commenting on the same play in *The New Yorker* becomes just too whimsical in his denunciation of the whimsy of it all.

You may gather that the present editorial writer does not agree with these major minds. A dull, puritanical cast seems to him to have crossed them. Maybe Mr. Krutch doesn't come from New England, but Mr. Benchley most certainly comes from somewhere around Worcester and New England has got him at last.

The sexlessness of the man in Morley's play who was a man in name only, being a little boy in spirit, has made Mr. Krutch quite ill. Writers, we gather, must hereafter confine themselves to grown-up people when they want to write novels or plays, and we must realize that the innocence of children is only ignorance and that when you grow up and know all about sex you have become greatly superior.

But at this point we realize that we are becoming a little unfair to Mr. Krutch. He doesn't object to children. What he objects to is getting children and adults scrambled. What is normal for a child may be in the nature of a monstrosity in a man. That is true, if one were actually to have to live with such phenomena; but we still do not see why such a creature is not legitimate for purposes of allegory, just as we do not see why a certain nostalgia for a child's world is not legitimate material for a play or novel. Why do grown up people read Kenneth Grahame and E. Nesbit? Mr. Krutch would say that in so far as they are trying to return thereby to the world of their childhood they have sickly minds. If he really thinks this, why, something has been left out of his makeup that is actually most normal and healthy. Also Mr. Walter de la Mare is certainly no abnormality as husband, father, and householder—yet he lives in the world of an imaginative child. When, not merely "from the songs of modern speech," as Andrew Lang put it, but from the vulgarity and brutality of many modern novels and plays of an entirely adult world, I turn away, not this time to listen to "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey,"—though what is that but a child's fairy tale?—but to "The Wouldbegoods" or "Dream Days" or—yes, for many of the verses which have proved such a stalking-horse for the Metropolitan wits are actually close to works of genius—to "Christopher Robin," it is because the continual and tremendous todo about human copulation and who is sleeping with whom, and the boring strain of heavy-drinking pessimism which afflicts so many moderns has become a bit thick, and because the much-touted adult world has proved far more self-pitying, exhibitionistic, and generally maudlin than the world of childhood ever was. W. R. B.

History in Literature The new history of America is beginning to produce a new and important literature. Ever since the reappraisal of American life and background began after the war, two themes have increasingly engaged the attention of historians: the essentially pioneer character of our history; the false estimates of our important national figures due to romance, sentimentalism, or plain bad history. The new emphasis upon the frontier has probably been overdone, yet it was necessary, and one can trace the long series of novels, poems, and books for children dealing with life on the covered wagon, among Indians, in pioneer settlements, to the same causes which awoke historians to the major importance in world history of the great trek westward of the Americans, and often to the histories themselves. The debunking of romantic American history has also been overdone, and yet out of it, or rather from its more honest and more documented examples, have come new and keener perceptions of the forefathers. Franklin, Washington, the Adamses, Jackson, Jefferson, Lincoln have gained far more than they have suffered at the hands of the debunkers of legends. Their characters have triumphed over scandal but accepted for the popular imagination traits that make them human. Although the villains of the old pieces—Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr—have not been brought to the side of the angels, they have been given biographies which account for their persuasive power over men and women who were certainly as moral and right-minded as we are today. The marble heroes — Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln—have had new busts made, not quite so white but far more lifelike. It takes a decade or so of such reshaping before the new facts and the new conceptions are ready for literature. Historical investigation begins the process, literary biography follows, fiction and poetry succeed.

In the death this week of Richard Rogers Bowker, journalist, industrialist, editor, and author, the publishing world loses one of its most esteemed figures and one to which it is profoundly indebted. Early in his career, Mr. Bowker made a long and staunch fight for the establishment of the American copyright. As editor for many years of *The Library Journal* and The *Publishers' Weekly* he has been responsible for periodicals indispensable to all who have to do with the production and dissemination of books. Handicapped of late years by blindness, Mr. Bowker never relaxed his interest in literature or politics.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

A BOOK OF AMERICANS. By ROSEMARY and STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT. *Farrar and Rinehart.* A volume of metrical biographies of figures of American history.

KARL AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By RUDOLPH BRUNNGRABER. *Morrow.* A fictionized account of life during the past three decades in the Austrian world.

MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES. By JAMES THURBER. *Harpers.* A humorous autobiography, some of which has appeared in the *New Yorker.*

This Less Recent Book:

PEACOCK PIE. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Knopf.* An anthology of poetry for children.

"I JUST WANT TO SEE WHICH BOOK CAN STAND THE MOST ABUSE."

To the Editor: *Homage to Talbot Clifton; A Literary Heating System*

Mr. O'Sheel Praises "Talbot"

Sir: Once in a great while comes a book to remind us that what we seek in books is a quality of intellectual and imaginative excitement that cannot arise from exciting incident alone, or from any perspicacity of character-analysis alone, or from any perfection of formal style, but only from an inner passion so simple and so intense that it makes words incandescent and molds them to a style that is great because it is the unique language of just that one book, or of just that one author.

Such, it seems to me, is "The Book of Talbot," in which Violet Clifton not only records her husband's amazing life, but lays bare a pulsing exhibit of the mystery of mysteries, life flowing and glowing through human beings. The first chapter is like a sunburst at dawn. The last six chapters are the most terribly beautiful record of death I have yet come upon in literature. And the book in between these first and last chapters is a revelation of what human life really is, around this globe, as vivid as anything I have ever read. The book should be required reading for students of anthropology and philosophy; and the comfortable home-keeping man, when he sees his children open their books of geography, should take down this book and learn—that he may be a wise teacher of his children—how multiform, how savage, how tragic, and how heroic are the races and the ways of men in the far places and the near places of this earth.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hot Air Artists

(*The gentleman who inserted the advertisement to which this letter is a reply suggests that it will find an interested audience among the readers of this column.—The Editors.*)

Sir: The advertisement in the October 21 issue of *The Saturday Review*, "Editor . . . wishes three unemployed authors to substitute for a hot air furnace that has gone wrong," prompts me to write a letter of discouragement.

Now I am not an author, nor even a furnace expert. But I do happen to know a lot about hot air from actual experience in the drying rooms of a state university. Hot air got me into college; hot air took me through college; and now hot air has dropped me out of college. And I want to tell you right now, Mr. Editor, if it's hot air you want, you are wasting your time advertising for authors.

According to my figuring—and I am not given to over-estimation—one professor (average), if given the opportunity, will generate at least three times as much hot air as one author (average). On that basis, one professor will accomplish the work of three authors.

If you once stop to consider the mechanics of hot air you will see where it is far more practical to maintain one professor than three authors. In the first place, you eliminate static, an unpleasant noise which inevitably arises whenever several different kinds of hot air are mixed together. In the second place, the cost of upkeep is lower. One professor requires less stoking than three authors. You can feed a professor practically anything and get away with it. He'll be so busy talking that he won't know what he's eating. But authors, like young poodles, are more choosey. They won't eat this and they won't eat that, or if they do eat what you hand them, they're apt to up and die because it doesn't agree with them. The third point, and a very important one, is that the professor-furnace, generating heat from "superior intellect," a hard, dry element, shaped like a sponge but as unyielding as a casket, warms up quickly, forms its own damper, and maintains itself at a fairly even temperature. You never have to worry about the lid blowing off or anything like that.

No, I have no professors to sell. I offer this "better way out" merely as a philanthropic suggestion. Go ahead and use authors if you want, but if they break down and go to pieces on you, don't say you weren't warned.

TORRID ZONE.

Mill Valley, Cal.

Religious Book Trends

Sir: I am intensely interested in your article on "Where Books Are Heading." It traces in fiction a movement which parallels one which I have been following in religious literature. The books on the Oxford Group Movement and the Oxford Movement, which I have reviewed for you, describe retreats from a world which has become too devastating for these tender-minded religious people. The Oxford Group would escape back to the simple social structure of the First Century Christian Fellowship. The Oxford Movement returns to the fortress of the Church of the Middle Ages, where religion functions through sacerdotal channels quite independent of intellectual, political, social, and economic problems.

What interests me most in your article is the way in which you sense the "something new" in the psychological quality of bucolic and marine novels. You observe: "In these new novels, however, and differently from the old ones the country (or is it the soul?) wins. What was a few years ago a literature of escape has become a literature of revolt or of self-denial." Here is something really new. Not the country, but the soul wins. It has discovered that it has the strength to break away from this fascinating, exciting world. So it begins to take stock of this newly discovered power latent in human nature. This spirit is not through with the modern world, and it will try again to conquer it for human progress.

A. C. WYCKOFF.

Spring Valley, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soglow and Thurber Disarm Our Critic

THE LITTLE KING. By Otto Soglow. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES. By James Thurber. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $1.95.

Reviewed by GILBERT SELDES

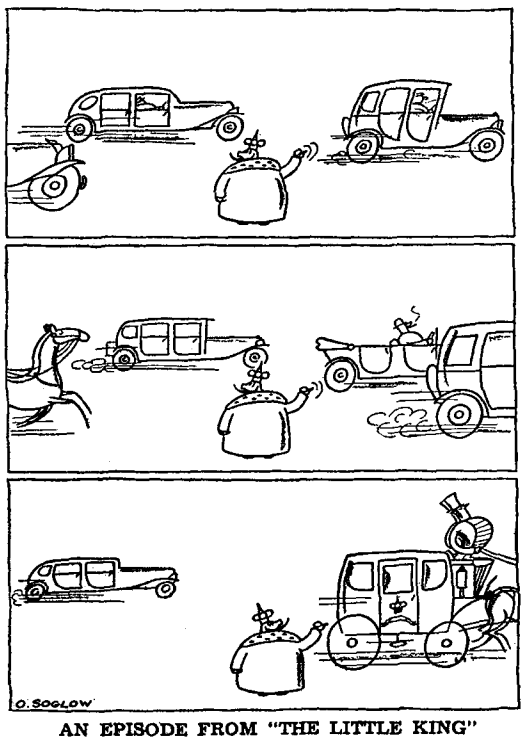
FOR "The Little King," by O. Soglow, what is wanted is not a review but a sales talk. If it comes to that, I am just as willing to beat the bass drum for "My Life and Hard Times," by James Thurber. But Mr. Thurber, in addition to his great talents as an artist, has great talents as a writer, and about writing I know something and can possibly be critical. Mr. Soglow, without a text, disarms me completely.

I found myself once in a British colony on New Year's Eve, in a large dining-room filled with Under-Secretaries, homesick Londoners, and loyal local J. P.'s and merchant princes; what I was doing in that room and how I got there neither I nor the companions who had deserted me were ever able to find out. But it is on record that some time after midnight, I rose, with a glass in my hand, and, to the dismay of the assembled Britons, cried out: "Gentlemen, the King!"

When the first of Mr. Soglow's Little King series appeared, it was my impression that he was toasting the same gentleman, but as time went on, I began to understand that no constitutional monarch could enjoy life so much and no absolute monarch could be so harried and chivied as this one. Even in the great bad old days before the war, no king had a chamberlain so bulged and curved to attend him and to sniff flowers too tall to be reached by the royal nose; no king was so attended by outriders and men in busbies for the function of unveiling a statue of himself; no king, however defeated by nature in the matter of height, had a low shelf cut into the bar and a low rail to rest his feet on; no king had a superdreadnought at his disposal when he wanted to go aquaplaning, and no king dived for pennies in tropic waters.

On the other hand no record of Wilhelm or Nicholas suggests that a monarch in our time broods over a snub from a janitor or has to punch a time-clock or has the royal special attached to an interminable train of freight cars or, in crown and dressing - gown, has to let the portcullis fall to take in the morning milk, which is, however, Grade A; and none, I am sure, ever tried so valiantly and unsuccessfully, to thumb a ride.

I am forced to believe that the "Little King" is not an historical record but a work of the imagination, and I am happy to say that as he appears in book form, the King's life is more rounded, more full of intellectual and passionate interest than it sometimes has appeared to be. We find that, with a sly look on his face, the King proceeds through concealed doors, traps, and circular stairways to the entertainment of a cutie whom, with rather dubious taste, he has installed in the palace; we find a hotel clerk inquiring whether a certain young lady is the King's wife; but on the side of morality, we also discover the King as an indulgent, cradle-rocking father. This does not, however, make him indulgent to little boys who stick out their tongues at him, because he sticks his own back. In brief, the King is a complete man, husband, father, and lover, sportsman, diplomat and friend of the people. Gentlemen, I give you The King. (Via any bookstore, $2.)



AN EPISODE FROM "THE LITTLE KING"

It was Mr. Soglow's first distinction that he was not trying to imitate any of the other artists of *The New Yorker*, and it is Mr. Thurber's distinction that he did not try to imitate any of its writers. It has long been said of *The New Yorker* that except for the subtle-minded gentleman who writes its first page (Mr. E. B. White) it has developed no writers to compare with the artists who have flourished in its pages. Mr. Thurber, who first came to fame as an artist—a brilliant one, with a great gift of draughtsmanship and an upsetting outlook on life—has steadily marched forward as a writer, and in "My Life and Hard Times" has created one of the funniest books I have ever read. Remembering what was done to the reputation of the late Ring Lardner, I suppose it will only be a matter of weeks before we are informed that Mr. Thurber is a great social reformer or a profound psychoanalyst and is not funny; but I will still stick to my guns. In fact, I think Mr. Thurber intended to be funny because he says in one of his chapters of biography that "it makes a better recitation . . . than it does a piece of writing"—that is "the night the bed fell on my father." Perhaps Mr. Thurber misled me, but I found that nearly all the other chapters would also make good recitations. This is only guesswork, because I have never heard a *good* comic recitation in my life.

Mr. Thurber gives you the impression in his preface that he is one of those unfortunate people who always push the one door that doesn't open when they are trying to get out of a building and attempt to buy soda checks in the one place where you pay at the counter. He himself, he says, has "accomplished nothing of excellence except a remarkable and, to some of my friends, unaccountable expertness in hitting empty ginger-ale bottles with small rocks at a distance of thirty paces." He is in error. He has accomplished something which very few writers do. He has a style combining accuracy, liveliness, and quiet—qualities which do not often go together. He has a sense of the wildly incredible things that happen to human beings who think all the time that they are acting with the greatest prudence and common sense. It is this sense that his people imagine themselves to be moving steadily and reasonably under their own motivations when they are really being as near lunatic as you can be, unconfined, that makes Mr. Thurber an exceptionally interesting writer. (You will find the same things in his drawings. His women and his dogs may both seem perplexed, but in whatever fantastic situation they find themselves, they know they are the only reasonable people present—you can tell it by their eyes.)

I think this is the reason that no matter how the extravagant situations pile up, you always have the feeling that Mr. Thurber is telling the literal truth. At least he gets you in the state of complete belief and then, when in the midst of his personal memoirs of ghosts and servants and dogs, he tells the story of universal panic on the day the dam did not break in Columbus, the dates and the names of streets and all the palpable data are not needed except for the sake of the record. Mr. Thurber has you hypnotized. You believe that people really are like the people he writes about and draws. And looking back on it you see no reason to change your mind. They are.

Gilbert Seldes is the author of "The Seven Lively Arts."

A Graphic Story of the Real Revolution

RABBLE IN ARMS. By Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

PRIOR to the present volume, Kenneth Roberts published "Arundel" and "The Lively Lady," drawing encomia thereby from other good writers. The former book dealt with the American Northern Army in the American Revolution, up to the attack on Quebec at the end of 1775, the latter with the privateers of the War of 1812. Now comes "Rabble in Arms," which is a sequel to "Arundel," and in which the characters of Steven and Phoebe Nason, Cap Huff and Marie de Sabrevois reappear. Incidentally, Richard Nason, of "The Lively Lady," was the son of Steven and Phoebe. But to return to "Rabble in Arms," here is a tale of the Northern Army's struggle for two years after the defeat at Quebec. It leads up to the second battle of Saratoga. Several quotations at the beginning of the book are indicative of its historical veracity. General Burgoyne is quoted as referring to the American troops as "A rabble in arms, flushed with success and insolence." And the author of "The Life and Times of Washington" is excerpted from to this effect:

> Benedict Arnold's country and the world owe him more than they will ever liquidate; and his defection can never obliterate the solid services and the ample abuse which preceded it.

For this novel is an exposition of those solid services to his country rendered by Benedict Arnold before his defection, the story of a great leader and of a man who surmounted almost insuperable obstacles. It throws a new light upon American history. I should indeed recommend "Arundel" and "Rabble in Arms" as required reading supplementary to all teaching of American history in high schools and colleges. Mr. Roberts founds his fiction upon skilled research and weighed authority. He knows the period and the men, and recreates the country and the atmosphere of the time with unusual vividness. "Rabble in Arms" is nearly nine hundred pages long, but I first read it avidly, and—at that—in galleys (surely the hardest way to read a book!)—for it gave me the sensation of living actually in the time of which it treated. The two brothers, Peter and Nathaniel Merrill, carried me immediately into the compelling narrative, and when I came to the battle of Valcour Island and later to the exile of Captain Merrill, Doc Means, and Verrieul among the Sacs and Foxes I realized I was reading some of the most graphic description ever contained in an historical novel. Cap Huff and Doc Means are great characters in this book—great comedy parts. As for heroism, there is enough of that and to spare. Arnold and his almost superhuman exploits wholly convince. I have no hesitation in saying that I regard Kenneth Roberts, on the evidence of this one book alone, as the best historical novelist dealing with America that we have had in a blue moon.

Mr. Roberts is a Maine man, two of his ancestors were captains in the Continental Army, another was a privateer captain in the War of 1812. His descent is from such men as those of whom he writes. He himself served in the Siberian Expeditionary Force of the United States Army as a captain. He has been a Washington correspondent and a foreign correspondent. In his own home town he had recourse to such records as would be those of the township he has created, of Arundel. But recourse to fascinating material, and even a good memory for history and an insight into the motives of men, do not account for the solid narrative virtues of a novel like "Rabble in Arms." It is the work of a writer born. It is also a fresh and unbiassed view of the American Revolution, and as such a valuable historical document. Lastly it is a great glowing canvas of an extraordinary epoch. We may hope that Mr. Roberts will continue to create other romances with an American historical background.

AARON BURR
From "A Book of Americans"

History on Holiday

(*Continued from first page*)

"Alfred the Great" (on the well-known occasion) in appropriate cheerful Saxon metre:

> By glow
> King stretcheth,
> rye dough
> Slut fetcheth,
> no whit
> King heedeth
> Whiles it
> Slut Kneadeth.
> Hearth warmeth,
> Alfred lieth,
> Storm stormeth,
> Alfred drieth.

Sometimes, in the American book, we sense the current a little deeper. We feel it in the verses on Robert E. Lee:

> While all through the South
> The quick whispering ran,
> "If Marse Robert does it,
> I reckon we can."

We feel it most in "Nancy Hanks":

> You wouldn't know
> About my son?
> Did he grow tall?
> Did he have fun?
> Did he learn to read?
> Did he get to town?
> Do you know his name?
> Did he get on?

Yes, we know his name; and we know now the names of two new books, illustrated in black and color, that will shelve very nicely in any log cabin or Riverside Drive apartment, or (for that matter) in Berkeley Square.

Mood Over Matter

THE ENCHANTED VILLAGE. By Edward Shanks. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1933. $2.

SOME Londoners have been invited down to East Marriner (one of those Sussex villages) to play cricket and afterwards to dance in the old barn: and in the space of a dark summer's night we are told once more that appearances are very deceptive. Mr. Shanks tries hard enough. He tries to create a heavy, brooding atmosphere in which the most astonishing reversals of fortune and character may happen: but somehow or other it is the atmosphere alone which overwhelms his story.

The sultry night advances and *pari passu* the characters retire—into nonentity. Hour by hour it grows hotter and hotter; page by page the reader becomes more and more listless: it is a positive triumph of mood over matter. A great many things happen—a girl loses her virtue, a husband loses his wife, a business man loses his job, an innocent young lawyer loses his heart; but all these events yield up their little passions and ironies to the general somnolence. For Mr. Shanks, like his characters, has lost something too—he has lost his vigor. His style, which counterfeits simplicity, is weary and elaborate; and his slender little story is weighted down with sleep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

A Child Reading

Oh happy miracle of childhood reading—
Andrew Lang's Red, Green and Yellow Fairy Tales,
Gulliver, the Arabian Nights, Edward Lear,
Louisa Alcott, E. Nesbit, *At the Back of the North Wind,*
Hans Andersen, *Chatterbox, Saint Nicholas,*
Mayne Reid, Uncle Remus, The Jungle Books—
Even poor old Oliver Optic and G. A. Henty—

Why is it that now I never find that unconscious oblivion
Except in Detective Stories?

A Twinge

I suddenly realize
I am irreparably Mature
When long-legged children
Who played in the back yard with my own urchins
Come to town, get jobs, rent apartments of their own,
And the real estate agent writes me
That they've given my name
As a reference.

Warning

But the children I most admire
Are like everyone else:
They enjoy best
The books that were not
Too obviously
Intended for them.

Perhaps everything
Deliberately written for a special audience
Is second-rate.

Life and Letters

He woke at 4 A. M.
And said to himself,
"It's unwritable."
The Unwritable replied:
No, only unwritten.

They Have Them Too

Did you know, said Max Schuster,
That in France the book trade calls a "plug"
A *rossignol*—viz. nightingale.

Delightful, said the Sage; but why?
Probably, cried Max, because it sings
And no one listens to it.

Elegy in a Broadway Drugstore

When the Old Mandarin's musical comedy
Went up on the Cut Rate Boards
At Gray's Drug Store
He remarked:
"Wasn't one of your famous poems
Called Gray's Elegy?"

All Out of Step but Bill

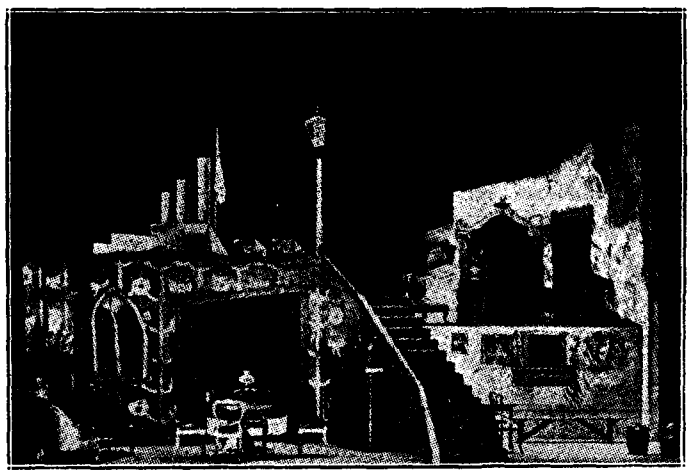
Life's only a comedy
Said his friend the Privy Counsellor—
You must take it in your stride.

But so many, grieved the Old Mandarin,
Seem to take it
In someone else's stride.

Comic Strip

When the Old Mandarin
Was taken to a Burlesk Show
At first he was a trifle scandalized,
But he soon got the idea
And whenever a lady came up the runway
In billowy raiment
He learned to look for
The snappers on her gown
And could accurately foretell
Just how and where she would begin
To remove it.

But after a long evening
Of that sort of thing
He began to mutter,
"Almost persuadest thou me
To become a vegetarian."



"Synthetic-realistic" set by Komisarjevsky for Hatter's Castle, *(Edinburgh, 1932) representing simultaneously a sitting-room, a pub., a brothel, and a city square. (Courtesy Studio Publications.)*

In Praise of Pollock

When I hear about modern stage-designers
And their solemn names for themselves
(Expressionist-realists, cubist-constructivists,
Gordon Craigists and abstract-mechanicalists)
I am tempted to call myself
A B. Pollock-Hoxtonist.

Good old B. Pollock, in Hoxton,
Inherited "Skelt's Juvenile Drama"
With scenes "a penny plain and twopence coloured"
Praised so long ago by R. L. S.
And still in that ancient shop
In a dingy London street
Builds toy theatres for children.

With the theatres came sheets of character and scenes
And scripts of the plays—*Ali Baba,*
The Children in the Wood, The Miller and His Men—
There never was any better fun
Than painting the scenes to suit your fancy
And pushing the actors in and out
On little tin slides.
Good as anything at the Moscow Art Theatre
Are old Pollock's stylized sceneries
And his "Side Wings to Suit Any Play."

The Property Egg

"No liquors and/or wines,"
Says the Alcoholic Control Board
"Shall be sold or served
Except at tables where food may be served."

Will it be as it was aforetime in some cities?
They placed on the table beside one's drink
(Elastic, livid, and perdurable,
Never intended to be eaten)
A Property Egg.

Publicity Makes Peace

The Camera is the great pacifier.
In the rotogravure sections
The Great American Bulk first learned
That a Soviet commissar
Looks quite human.

Set Back

O terraced perpendiculars!
See, said the happy architect
Expounding a new group of metropolitan miracles,
The triumph of modern design
Is the set-back.

Yea verily, murmured the Merchant Prince
It set me back
About a hundred million.

An Examination

Our studious client John A. Holmes (28 Billingham Street, Somerville, Mass.) has amused himself in compiling an examination paper for habitual readers of this paper. I give his address because any replies to this questionnaire had better go to Mr. Holmes rather than to the Bowling Green—I couldn't answer all the questions myself.

Here is his questionnaire:

EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF R. E. (Reader Extraordinary) of the *S. R. L.*

1. Identify the following names, titles and phrases: "The Salad Bowl"; type lice; Quertyuiop; Mr. Moon; Homer Parsons; "Boar and Shibboleth"; W. A. Dwiggins.
2. What is the origin of: (a) The Amen Corner; (b) Sir Kenelm Digby; (c) The Romany Stain. Account also for their use in the *S. R. L.*
3. Discuss the successive incarnations of the Phœnix Nest in context and appearance.
4. Name five long poems from each of which the *S. R. L.* printed generous excerpts. Give authors, title of whole poem, and part printed.
5. What full-length books have been serialized in the *S. R. L.?*
6. What satirical poet has spoken frequently and pungently from the pages of the *S. R. L.?*
7. Give the names of all the men who have at one time edited the rare book page of the Saturday Review. ....
8. What publishing house printed in its advertisement a gallant black and white picture of a ship to signalize the appearance of Volume 1, Number 1?
9. What poet was the subject of the first letter ever to appear in the section devoted to letters to the editor?
10. Name some departments and recurring features that no longer appear in the *S. R. L.*
11. How did Boston make the first page of the *Saturday Review?*
12. Who challenges the professors of American universities with battle in his accents, and where?
13. (This question may be omitted by those who rarely read poetry or never by any chance remember any) How many of these lines can you identify? They have all appeared in poems published in the *Saturday Review.* Can you give author and title?
    (a) Jack hitched into his sky blue bob.
    (b) Try tropic for your balm.
    (c) Enter, and hark the dithering of the dead!
    (d) Memory's charity, lovingly vast.
    (e) Calmly she turns, amusingly attired.
    (f) Suddenly, after the quarrel, while we waited.
    (g) With poison ivy on his head.
    (h) I do like gin and bitters, also pubs.
    (i) But absolutely
    O so minutely
    Adequate, suitable, right.
    (j) What furniture, from what strange stores?
14. On what occasion was a picture published in the *S. R. L.* representing a poet soaring above Chicago on a hog, and strumming a lyre?
15. Who lit a "friendly gorgeous fire" and burned up the folio of Romeo and the original MS of King Lear, as well as an arm of the True Cross and a leg of the piano?
16. Who saw herself in a room panelled with mirrors, and wrote an essay about it for the *S. R. L.?*
17. Who spoke of Emily Dickinson as "acting coy among the immensities"?
18. Who was the young man of 22 or so whose letters the Bowling Green is privileged to look over from time to time?

JOHN A. HOLMES.

I like Mr. Holmes's idea, and (if he receives any replies) I will award a complimentary subscription-renewal to the three most complete answers. Mr. Holmes himself must be the final judge.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Realities for Children

BY JOSETTE FRANK

IN a world of hard reality—growing every day harder and realer—one cannot stifle a sigh of regret as one watches the deluge of juvenile fact-books* crowding out the fanciful in each year's output. One wonders when our children (especially those progressively educated) will "holler 'nuff." One wonders, too, what has become of the beautiful, if somewhat old-fashioned, idea that reading is joyous, heavenly escape from a too pressing and too present reality.

Not that one deplores the demise of that sticky sentimentality which marked much of the writing for young children a generation ago. Nor do we mourn the loss of the juvenile morality books of a still earlier day. The swing toward a kind of writing that addresses children as intelligent people, with tastes and interests not unlike our own, is greeted with gladness. But, as often happens, the cure threatens to become as painful as the disease. A long sweep of the pendulum carries us through a boundless and often dreary sea of fact-books: books about things, books about everything, in fact, under the shining sun.

Those of us who still believe in reading for fun have a fierce inclination to condemn the whole of this new literature out of hand. But that we cannot do either. For, like the renowned little girl with the curl, when it is good it is very very good—but when it is bad it is horrid! When Lucy Sprague Mitchell, a decade ago, ushered into the world her thesis of the "here and now" in children's reading, she was, in a way, a prophet; and like most prophets she stirred something the reverberations of which have reached far—perhaps farther than she herself might wish. But probably it is unfair to place at her door the sins of all her disciples.

Certainly Mrs. Mitchell's own stories have a sure appeal to children: to the youngest, her original "Here and Now Story Book" still mirrors their familiar city through her own imaginative view; to the somewhat older child she opens up wider horizons—mountain and plain, harbor and desert, and all the working inhabitants thereof, make a living picture of the far-flung land that is "North America." Here is geographical information, neither flat nor dull, nor yet dressed up and masquerading as sugar candy. It is a selection of significant and related things, seen through a focus of rich imagery. And its appeal is not—or so it seems to this writer—that it deals in realities. Rather it is that the author has seen the familiar in a wholly new way, seen real things and people in their relationship one to another and to the child himself. And, too, not least important, hers is really fine writing.

There is music in Mrs. Mitchell's trains:

> Gliding through a valley
> Up the mountain ridge,
> Sliding down a hillside,
> Rushing o'er a bridge,
> In a darksome tunnel,
> In the shiny sun,
> The trains are coming with many a car,
> The trains are coming from near and far,
> North, south, east, west,
> The busy engines run.

This appears in one of three little pamphlets, "Trains," "Streets," "Boats and Bridges," edited by Mrs. Mitchell and containing, besides her own stories, others—some really fine, some not so very—written by her student teachers to be read aloud to children under seven. And children, city children at any rate, do love them. Nevertheless one could wish that Mrs. Mitchell had placed in a foreword somewhere the warning: "Beware of imitations!" Here, for example, are lines from a new book by Dorothy W. Baruch, "I Like Machinery":

> Jingle jangle jar
> The street car rattles
> Clickety clack, clickety clack.

It seems to this writer that Mrs. Baruch has missed the whole point of the new approach in children's writing: instead of making the commonplace thrilling, she makes the thrilling commonplace.

We might better let our children do their own observing and take their environment in their stride — unversified, unsung.

Fortunately, not all of the current fact literature is so sterile. Several recent books have given to the ordinary things of our daily living a glamour and beauty that rival the fairy tale for sheer loveliness, adventure, mysticism. Trains, buildings, steam shovels, even the maligned kitchen sink take on unexpected romance. Common things—potato skins, laundry starch, the water faucet—become objects of surprising interest in M. Ilin's new book, "100,000 Whys." The author of "New Russia's Primer" has a gift for simplicity and economy of language that makes him a master "fact writer" for children. Under his astonishing pen, and with the help of his deft illustrator, N. Lapshin, the most complex laws of chemistry become clear and intelligible to eight-year-olds—and their parents. This is a book to place alongside the family cook book on a handy shelf.

Another device that has found a new use in glorifying the commonplace is modern photography. In "Seeing the Unseen," by Robert Disraeli, the child of inquiring turn of mind will find many small things: a moth's wing, a spot of dust, a particle of milk, a razor blade—magnified into marvels of interest and beauty by the scientist's magic wand: the microscope. Unusual photographs of microscopic detail, and text which describes the processes, suggest to the curious some scientific adventuring of their own.

Armed with an almost human camera, Lewis W. Hine gave us last year a book of photographs of people we have all seen: "Men at Work." Not the drill alone but the man who drives it; not the building but the men who build it are here seen in new focus—a magnificent array. This year we have "Skyscraper," wherein Elsa H. Naumburg, Clara Lambert, and Lucy Sprague Mitchell have combined photograph, verse, and exposition in an amazing story. The planning and rearing of this giant city house is a stirring record of human effort and achievement that pales the dreams of Kubla Khan. It is a real wonder story, a city's fairy tale!

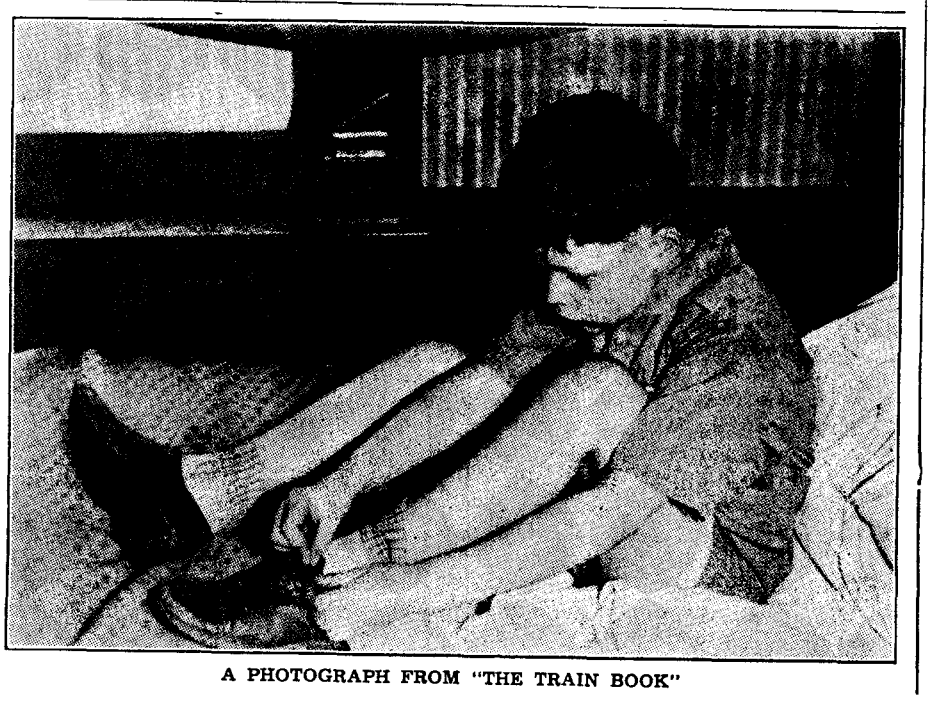
But not all modern children live in cities, and even those who do sometimes travel. "The Train Book," by William Clayton Pryor, has photographs of trains and railroading that will thrill any small boy who has travelled by rail, and many who haven't. And whether or not you've travelled by sea, a trip on a big ocean liner can be had vicariously by book: Henry B. Lent has followed last year's "Clear Track Ahead" with a book about boats, "Full Steam Ahead," this time in collaboration with Earle Winslow. Both of Mr. Lent's books offer graphic and very readable presentations to the transportation-minded child, explaining many of the mysteries and wonders of modern transportation.

The same child may be led to inquire just how modern transportation got that way. The past hundred years of travel in America—by stagecoach, sailboat, steamboat, covered wagon, and train—are pictured by Alice Dalgliesh in "America Travels." The first part of the book, addressed to very young readers, is made up of pleasant little stories. Part II is straight exposition—dramatic in its own right because the historic facts are dramatic—and illustrated with truly fine sketches. These last are not only lovely to look at, but are especially valuable because they make available materials not to be found outside of scholarly source books.

And it may be said here, that children are able to use and enjoy adult source material long before we imagine, provided their interest is already aroused on a particular subject. I know of one nine-year-old for whom access to Dunbar's "History of Travel in America" has made the more attenuated juvenile presentations altogether unalluring. Of course, the child will seek out such materials only when they meet his interest of the moment. But unless there *is* such an interest, why a book on that subject at all? No fact book will create a specific interest in a given child. Rather its legitimate purpose is to serve and stimulate those interests which are already kindled.

One subject of which this seems particularly true is art. In a most inclusive and handsome volume, "A Child's History of Art," V. M. Hillyer and E. G. Huey have tried to make classic art palatable to the young. By way of making the process as painless as possible, the authors have concealed the dosage in introducing each subject: "If you get up in the morning at sunrise you might call yourself an early Christian. But early Christian architecture does not mean early in the day." Thus guilefully the child is to be led to an interest in architecture. Similarly he is introduced to landscape painting: "Fire-escapes are part of the scenery in a city. Landscapes are the scenery in the country. Fire-escapes have nothing to do with painting. Landscapes have a great deal to do with painting." Why we should have to feed our children such written-down stuff about the great masters and their masterpieces it is hard to see. The masterpieces will appeal for their own sakes—or not—when the child is ready, and when he has a real contact with them—not just a whisk through a museum. Then, when he has come to love the masterpieces he will want to know something about the masters.

The child with an interest in architecture will find neither sugar-coating nor bitter pill in a new book, "All the Ways of Building," by L. Lamprey. Here is a true story of the development of man's building, from caveman's hut to steel skyscraper; fascinating reading for anyone—that is, anyone interested in the subject. Less mature in style, but no less dignified in content, is "Man's Long Climb," by Marion Lansing—a very readable chronicle of man's discoveries and inventions through the ages. This latter book is addressed to slightly younger children, but neither will insult the intelligence of any reader.



A PHOTOGRAPH FROM "THE TRAIN BOOK"

LITTLE ANCESTORS OF THE HORSE
From "The Story of Earth and Sky"

On one subject there is an almost universal interest, a perpetual question mark. "Facts" about the universe, to ordinary mortals including children, are always in the nature of wonder stories. One little girl, just leaving the fairy tale age—if one ever does—hung in breathless absorption over "The Story of Earth and Sky." "Gosh," she exclaimed in astonishment, "this is just like a fairy tale, except that this *might have been* true!" In this book Carleton and Heluiz Washburne, in collaboration with Frederick Reed, have done remarkably well in the difficult business of separating fact from conjecture, theory from scientfic data, in elucidating the scientist's version of creation for nine-year-olds. The authors manage to talk to children instead of talking down to children, and even the imaginary planetary trips to which they resort as clarifying devices are in the nature of vicarious adventure, almost in the Jules Verne tradition. Furthermore, this book meets well the acid test of the good fact book: it is as absorbing to adults as it is to children.

We have said that the greatest danger in fact-books—even the best of them—is that they will be given to children regardless. Like the father who buys himself an electric train for his three-year-old's Christmas, Uncle James will be thrilled with a train book for his nephew who is at the moment keeping high company with medieval knights! But still more pernicious is the parent who believes that these and these only among children's books are "educational"—that these his child has got to read, come what may. Why isn't "Robinson Crusoe" just as educational, or "Huckleberry Finn"? Or, far that matter, Nick Carter, in his own peculiar way?

The fault of the fact books, then, lies not so much in the books themselves as in our distorted view of their place in the child's reading. Let us insist, if we will, that the books we give our children shall be beautiful, good, and true. But let us not define "true" as "factual." Let us not be misled into confusing information with education, nor delimiting education as a deluge of facts. Rather let us make use of the excellent fact-books that are at hand for the legitimate purpose of meeting the child's special interests. And for the rest, let us recognize the child's right to take his reading as he finds it—to read for reading's own sweet sake.

---

* *HERE AND NOW STORY BOOK. By Lucy Sprague Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.*

NORTH AMERICA. By Lucy Sprague Mitchell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

TRAINS — STREETS — BOATS AND BRIDGES. Edited by Lucy Sprague Mitchell. New York: The John Day Co. 20 cents each.

I LIKE MACHINERY. By Dorothy W. Baruch. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents.

100,000 WHYS—A TRIP AROUND THE ROOM. By M. Ilin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.50.

SEEING THE UNSEEN. By Robert Disraeli. New York: The John Day Co. $2.

MEN AT WORK. By Lewis W. Hine. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

SKYSCRAPER. By Elsa H. Naumburg, Clara Lambert, and Lucy Sprague Mitchell. New York: The John Day Co. $2.

THE TRAIN BOOK. By William Clayton Pryor. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.

CLEAR TRACK AHEAD! By Henry B. Lent. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

FULL STEAM AHEAD! The same.

AMERICA TRAVELS. By Alice Dalgliesh. The same. $2.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ART. By V. M. Hillyer and E. G. Huey. New York: Appleton-Century Co. $3.50.

ALL THE WAYS OF BUILDING. By L. Lamprey. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

MAN'S LONG CLIMB. By Marion Lansing. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75.

THE STORY OF EARTH AND SKY. By Carleton and Heluiz Washburne. New York: Appleton-Century Co. $3.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARRY HANSEN

tells in a few words the significance of

Lytton Strachey's

CHARACTERS and COMMENTARIES

"Upon reading what he has to say about Horace Walpole, Mary Wortley Montagu, and the letter writers of the 18th century, I became forcibly impressed with the poverty of essay writing now that he is gone. Even though he wrote very little, he wrote so much better than men who have survived him that the arrival of this book is an event worth any booklover's cheers."

$3.00 at Bookstores

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY,
383 Madison Ave., N.Y.

History More Fascinating Than Fiction...

Here is a biography that, for the first time, digs *underneath* the dusty surface of cold historic facts to bring you the true causes and emotions underlying the dramatic conflict between Charles I, Buckingham and Cromwell. Here is history—human, natural, appealing—more fascinating than fiction. *(Illus., $4)*

CHARLES *the* FIRST
King of England
BY HILAIRE BELLOC
At Your Bookstore LIPPINCOTT

A JOHN DAY Item

SKYSCRAPER
by ELSA H. NAUMBURG, CLARA LAMBERT and LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

The complete story for young readers in text and illustration, of the building of a skyscraper. Illustrated with photographs. $2.00

The Publishers cordially invite your patronage and your correspondence on matters of mutual interest. Their recent catalogue of books will be sent upon request.

JOHN DAY BOOKS *from your bookseller, or 386 Fourth Avenue, New York.*

An Ornithologist Tells His Own Story

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BIRD-LOVER. By Frank M. Chapman. New York: Appleton-Century Company. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by H. E. DOUNCE

AS a kid, this bird-lover (b. 1864) went shooting doves, bobolinks, and robins around his native Englewood, New Jersey. Just what else gave his future its direction is more than he knows; he thinks an ear for music may have had something to do with it. At sixteen he got through school and became a New York bank clerk, commuting, so that between 7:30 in the morning and 6 or later in the evening, his time was not his own. He met a few bird students, learned a little taxidermy, collected. He met and won the good opinion of old John Bell—and, in Lytton Strachey's phrase, two ages touched, for Bell had been a campmate of Audubon. He read such bird books as he could come by and, one memorable day, discovered Coues's "Key." He was not yet twenty when he "ventured to offer" his services in a study of migration that was projected by the American Ornithologists' (then fledgling) Union. They were accepted, and for seventy-five days the not too robust young bank clerk nearly, as he does not put it, killed himself doing spare-time work afield, skinning specimens, and writing up notes. He sent in his report. When the acknowledgment came, he had to take it out into the orchard and nerve himself to open it—to learn that they considered his the best report received from the Atlantic division.

Two years later the inevitable happened. With his mother's approval he got out of that bank to devote his life to bird study. It was a bank of which his father, some years dead, had been counsel. "I had not been unhappy in it," he maintains staunchly—for you do not have a career like his without a very special bump of loyalty; in the next breath he owns that "for years after resigning my most vivid bad dreams were connected with a return to the bank." He birded on his own hook in Florida a year or so, but meanwhile he had, sick with stage fright until he began, read a paper before the exalted A. O. U., and he had been encouraged to make himself at home and helpful in the then still little more than embryonic American Museum of Natural History. He was in Florida when, out of a clear sky as it seemed to him, there came an offer from Dr. Allen, the museum's curator of birds, of the position of his assistant. It is manifest that each honor that has since been done this bird-lover—and he has received about all that could be done a man in his professional field—has seemed to him to come in the same way.

The rest is ornithological and conservation history, surely known in outline to every North American bird student worthy of the name, but till now known in intimate detail only to his best friends. All such bird students are heavily indebted to him, as are his science and bird life itself; and those of us who, thirty years ago, more or less, shoveled sidewalks and ran errands to earn the money for our copies of his "Bird Life" and his classic "Handbook"—the latter written nights and Sundays before he was thirty-one—are, in respect to this everlasting interest and pleasure, his godchildren. Something might be said here of the bounteousness and variety of the feast, spiced with mild, kindly humor, that his autobiography affords; for instance, of the delightful glimpses of Coues, William Brewster, Robert Ridgway, A. K. Fisher, and other famous scientific bird men of yesterday and today. Or of the glimpses of personages: T. R., Walter Page, Grey of Fallodon, and the American Museum's apparently rather awesome patron saint, Morris K. Jesup. Mention might be made of the first adequate public appreciation of the remarkable and lovable personality of the artist-ornithologist, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, who to this friend and campmate of his was "both son and brother"; with it goes a due appreciation of Fuertes's work that is slightly—and how humanly!—qualified out of loyalty to a still older friend, Ernest Seton. And since a vociferously favorable review ought in decency to make at least one reservation, it might be whispered that the fore part of the autobiography, telling of the bird-lover's earlier phases, is a trifle better reading than the latter part—somewhat as is the case with Mark Twain's golden "Life on the Mississippi." It should be added at once, though, that an inveterate bird-*hater*, if there is such a creature, might well enjoy every page, if only in contemplating that rarity, a completely unassuming distinguished man, and that greater rarity, a completely happy man.

But for practical purposes description of this book is lost motion. The true bird-lovers, and there are tens of thousands of them now, no more need to be told that its author writes engagingly than they need to be told who he is—or what the A. O. U. is, or the bird part of the American Museum, or the Audubon Society, or *Bird-Lore*. Just tell them his own story of his life has appeared, and then watch them make tracks toward a bookstore; leaving nothing to be noted but the amusing impossibility of telling even as little as that about "Autobiography of a Bird-Lover" without paying a superfluous tribute to Frank M. Chapman.

The "Autobiography" is illustrated with photographs by the author and drawings and color plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

Parisian Sketches

PARIS TO THE LIFE. By Paul Morand and Doris Spiegel. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. $3.

THE authors call this a sketch-book, and the publishers call it a substitute for a trip to Paris. If Paul Morand had given his sketches more glamor, the publishers' description would be better justified. M. Morand conducts the reader to the markets, the cafés, the parks, yawning in his face at every turn. Doris Spiegel, who provides a drawing for every page, has an original talent; she isolates detail in drawings which seem to have no detail—an accomplishment remarkable in itself, but focussing attention on her style rather than on the Parisian subject-matter. The publishers have done a marvellous job of design and reproduction, and we only wish that it could have been applied to Miss Spiegel's drawings alone, or that the commentary could have been undertaken by a writer less inclined to blasé exhibitionism.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH OVER NEWARK *Alexander Williams* (Payson: $2.)	Plane drops corpse in Newark street, and Tonelli of New York police goes over to help Macedonians.	Drugs, rum-runners, roving aircraft, all mixed up in fast moving but rather confusing yarn.	48-52
BLIND MAN'S BUFF *Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements* (Long & Smith: $2.)	Conroy family, all nasty, gathered on storm-bound islet, expire one-by-one 'til Jimmy Lane stops holocaust.	A bit too lurid, but eerie scenery, creepy plot, literate dialog, and good detection redeem it.	Excellent
THE MONKEY WRENCH *Jason Griffith* (Stratford: $2.)	Purported search for man with synthetic rubber formula leads to Egypt and French chateau full of odd people.	Much talking and running around, with trick ending that caused your judge to coise wiciously.	Dumm
THE PURPLE BALL *Frank L. Packard* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mystery - adventure on yacht and island in South Seas.	Outside of Jimmie Dale's absence, this is Packard's usual.	O.K.

Praise for a new novel....

"It holds extraordinary beauties, as marked in this eccentric fable as in her previous, more conventional books...That it is the work of a remarkable artist no one can deny."—*Clifton Fadiman, The New Yorker.*

"The best thing she has done."—*John Chamberlain, New York Times.*

"Style this author has unfailingly. Her least sentence is marked by it, and it is a style intensely pictorial, with daring inversions of rhythm as convoluted as a Gothic carving."—*Henry Seidel Canby, Saturday Review.*

"Miss Boyle has the authentic gift for fiction, and those readers who are kept from finding this out either because her manner troubles them, or because they do not care to read about the kind of people she has chosen to set before us in this new book, will be missing something rare."—*Herschel Brickell, N.Y. Sun.*

...by KAY BOYLE

Gentlemen, I Address You Privately

$2.50, Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, *Publishers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adventures in South America

JUNGLE MEMORIES. By Henry H. Rusby. New York: Whittlesey House. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BEEBE

IT is seldom that a book of travel serves more than one real purpose, but this volume accomplishes at least three. As a true story of exciting adventure it is ahead of anything I have read for years. Most of us are more than satisfied with one or two narrow escapes on our explorations, but to Dr. Rusby these are of almost daily occurrence. He is struck by lightning, falls off mules on the precipice side, hires murderers to carry his revolvers and money chest across the continent, is saved from a serpent's bite by his pet monkey, is attended by an insane doctor, while avalanches of rocks and falling trees, and escapes from drowning and hostile Indians are parts of every week's end.

In addition to this we have, as the dominant theme, the interesting search for medicinal plants, first the discovery of what plants and parts of plants are used by the natives for various complaints, then the gathering of these for experiment on himself and his companions, and the shipping home of commercial quantities.

The third point of view of the volume is the presentation of conditions—political, transport, and natural—as they existed half a century ago on the west coast of South America and across the continent itself, as compared with the same phenomena today. The aspect of transportation has altered unthinkably, with steamer, railroad, and airplane service, but it would seem that, in many ways, the first and third items are not nearly as changed as we would imagine.

Dr. Rusby's present position as Emeritus Dean and Professor of Materia Medica in the College of Pharmacy, Columbia University, is the climax of a long life in the course of which he travelled much in South America. The present volume deals only with a single two-year expedition, made in 1885 to 1887, the chief exploit of which was the crossing of the neotropical continent from the Pacific at Arica in Peru, north-westward, through La Paz and Reyes, and finally down the Madeira and Amazon to Para.

The author, as is natural, excels in his botanical descriptions, and I have seldom read accounts of the flora of mountain and jungle which so satisfactorily fill in the three planes of space, and compensate the substitution of words for reality. His knowledge of drugs was such that long after he had used up his store of medicines he was able to continue treatment for various ills by making use of the sap, leaves, bark, or fruit of jungle plants.

Dr. Rusby's journals of a half century past must have been marvels of detail, for there are no minutiæ which are omitted. In the cities of the Pacific we have such remarkable things described as a museum consisting of an empty room, and a dying man, quite destitute, but hiring a lawyer to make an elaborate, if wholly imaginary will, with his legatees as sympathic and grateful audience.

In regard to animal life, the author is anything but at home, as on page 125 where the habits of East Indian hornbills are confused with those of toucans, or again where a cock-of-the-rock is called a dove, and a manatee is described as having a curved horn, while the page of photographs on page 64 is badly misnamed, a rhea being entitled a red-legged goose. But these are minor errors on the part of a botanist.

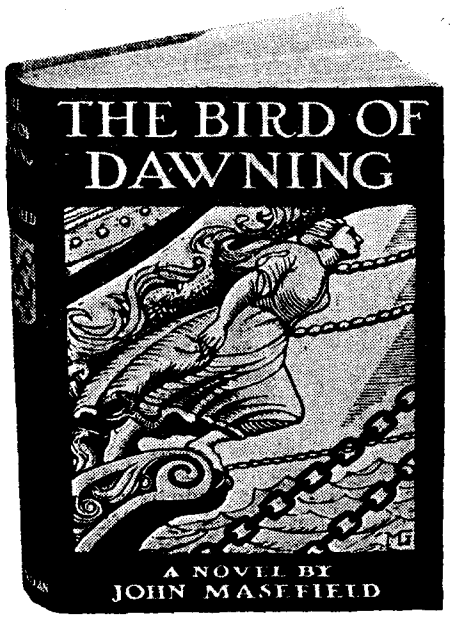
The illustrations are negligible, but a book of such interest as this does not require visual aid. There are six appendices, the first dealing with cocoa, cocaine, and quinine. Here we find a vivid account of the dangers and terrible hardships which the Indians experienced in searching for the cinchona trees, and curiously enough, their worst enemy was malaria, although the loads of bark for which they risked their lives were the only certain cure for this disease.

Additional appendices deal with crocodiles, tropical ants, the Falls of the Madeira and the Paren-tin-tin Indians. A list of resultant scientific publications and a good index completes this volume.

I heartily endorse it as one of the most exciting and at same time absorbing travel books I have read for a long time.

* *

William Beebe, whose own sketches of the South American jungle are vivid pieces of writing, is now at the Biological Station, in St. Georges, Bermuda.



"It stands out as one of the most flawlessly written sea books of our generation!"
—WILLIAM McFEE, N. Y. SUN

THE BIRD OF DAWNING

By JOHN MASEFIELD

"SUCH a tale of action, of man in his conquest of the sea, of peril and human fortitude, of wild imagination, and gorgeous episode, as only John Masefield could write . . . A surging, scudding story, dramatic and yet shot with humor. I cannot see how anyone who has thrilled to horses galloping neck to neck down the stretch, or to towering yachts racing to the finish line, could do other than thrill to such a story . . . *It is a grand tale!*"
—PERCY HUTCHISON,
New York Times Book Review

"A NOVEL which is compact of enough interest, speed and general riproariness to give an ordinary racing jockey or stunt flier heart failure — its thrust is as clean and single-minded as the cutting of a tea clipper's bow through the Channel in a brisk wind—*a stirring action story.*" —JOHN CHAMBERLAIN,
New York Times

"SO FRESH, so classically beautiful in language, so rich in the half-forgotten felicities of maritime nomenclature, that it is a challenge to the Jeremiahs who mourn the passing of the novel . . . It reads itself. *It runs like the fire of the risen sun along the sea. It is a perfectly told tale.*" —WILLIAM McFEE, *New York Sun*

"HUMS with the salt spume of the sea, cracks with the straining of spars and gear, the tight drumming of canvas . . . Masefield has added a vivid scene to the small gallery in which we find pictures of the sea." FELIX RIESENBERG, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*

"THERE is powerful writing in this book; the water and the wind roar in your ears as you read . . . *a memorable salt water saga.*" —LEWIS GANNETT,
New York Herald Tribune

"A *Four Star* adventure book!" *New York Daily News*

At all bookstores . . . $2.50

60 FIFTH AVE. MACMILLAN NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collected Prose

OF

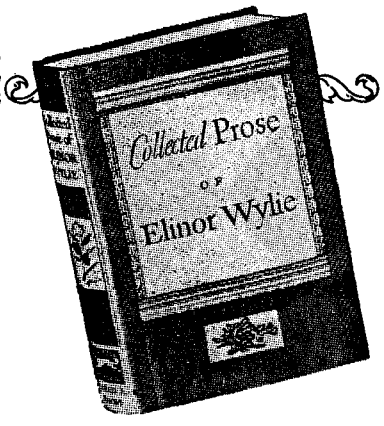
Elinor Wylie

A Magnificent Omnibus. Four Novels:

JENNIFER LORN
THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW
THE ORPHAN ANGEL
MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD

And eleven shorter pieces that appear in book form for the first time. Prefaces specially written by:

Carl Van Vechten — Isabel Paterson
Carl Van Doren — William Rose Benet
Stephen Vincent Benet



879 pages of lovely typography, richly bound in green and gold. Designed by W. A. Dwiggins. The price—$3.50, probably not as much as you would expect. First edition copies are available at all good bookshops.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC., 730 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

The Underworld of Old San Francisco

THE BARBARY COAST. By Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by M. R. WERNER

FROM 1849 when San Francisco began as a populous mining camp until some years after 1906 when it was destroyed by earthquake and fire, commercialized vice was one of the famous products of the locality. Herbert Asbury has told in much detail the history of San Francisco as a purveyor of sin. The book contains interesting incident, and it covers the ground completely, but just as continuous discussion of virtue becomes boring, so in this book repeated details of vice become monotonous. The history lacks any absorbing narrative quality, and it may be that it would have been impossible to give it any well-knit continuity, because of the varied and detailed nature of the material in which Mr. Asbury is dealing. As it is, he has done an immense amount of valuable research, and he has put together from the memories of old San Franciscans and from the books and newspapers concerning the city a great deal of extraordinary data on criminals, prostitutes, divekeepers, politicians, and visitors.

No one knows who gave the Barbary Coast its name, but Mr. Asbury believes that it was probably some sailor who had seen the coast of Africa, and who compared critically the manners of men in both sections of the world. The few streets in San Francisco which used to be known as the Barbary Coast were not generally called by that name until the middle of the eighteen-sixties. But vice had flourished in San Francisco almost as soon as the first miners arrived to dig for gold. By far the most interesting part of Mr. Asbury's book deals with the condition of San Francisco in the two decades following the discovery of gold. In his introductory paragraph Mr. Asbury points out that vice in San Francisco did not follow the traditional pattern of other American cities because of the sudden influx of men and women from all parts of the world. Within a little more than a year after the discovery of gold in California between forty and fifty thousand men had arrived at the Golden Gate by ship alone. As soon as the ships anchored in the harbor the officers and sailors deserted and left for the mines. Many of the ships rotted because they could not be manned, and later were turned into boarding-houses and saloons in a city where men dug into the ground for quick wealth before they even thought of sheltering themselves. By the beginning of 1850 the population of San Francisco was 25,000, and most of them were adult males under forty.

Gambling became the first pastime and amusement of the miners, for their whole enterprise was a huge, chaotic gamble, and after they had struck it lucky, they spent their money on games of chance. Mr. Asbury writes that "in the San Francisco of gold-rush days . . . a woman was almost as rare a sight as an elephant, while a child was an even more unusual spectacle." "Men stood for hours watching the few children at play; and whenever a woman appeared on the street, business was practically suspended." Most of the early female settlers of San Francisco were prostitutes from Mexico, Peru, and Chile. During 1850 ship loads of prostitutes arrived from the eastern and southern cities of the United States and from France and other European countries. By the end of 1852 it was said that there was no country in the world that was not represented by at least one prostitute. Some of the French girls brought their pimps with them, and others of other nationalities acquired them on the spot. Escaped convicts from New South Wales and ruffians from Australia joined the settlement soon after they heard about gold, and they quickly dominated the underworld of San Francisco, for their profession was crime. Crooked politicians from the East soon saw their opportunity in this reckless, new environment, where money was plentiful, and it was not long before they were selling protection to dangerous criminals and keepers of prostitutes. The Chinese joined the rush, and by 1852 there were estimated to be 22,000 Chinese in California; they brought their own forms of gambling, and slave girls were shipped to them by organized companies, most of them for the use of white men. Sailors' boarding houses and sailors' dives, where men were entertained, beaten, robbed, and shanghaied, sprang up around the water-front.

The foundation of the Barbary Coast proper was prostitution, and Mr. Asbury presents much detailed information concerning the houses, their inmates, and their proprietors. He doubts whether the Barbary Coast without the prostitute could have remained a profitable amusement center for more than a few years. From the eighteen-sixties until 1906 the houses of prostitution with their original proprietors and curious patrons flourished in the Barbary Coast section of San Francisco. Then the earthquake wiped out the section along with other parts of the city, and when it was rebuilt, it became a place of bright lights, ballyhoo, dance halls, "synthetic sin and imitation iniquity," as Mr. Asbury puts it. It was taken up by slumming parties and was among the show places of the world. Sarah Bernhardt went there to see how it compared with Paris; Anna Pavlova went to watch the folk dances of the denizens; and John Masefield asked to be taken there as soon as he arrived in San Francisco. Belly dances, hootchy-coochy dances, and Salomés were part of the attractions, and the Barbary Coast became the originator of most of America's dance novelties before the war.

When the control of San Francisco's municipal affairs was taken out of the hands of crooked politicians for a time, the Barbary Coast was doomed. When officials would no longer sell protection, in defiance of all opposition, the opportunity arose for zealous clergymen and enterprising newspaper publishers to ring in reform and to stamp out vice for the time being. And the Barbary Coast was cleaned out entirely and became history when the California legislature made property owners liable if their premises were used for prostitution or other immoral purposes. Towards the end of Mr. Asbury's book there is a wonderful scene. Three hundred prostitutes marched on the morning of January 25, 1917 into the church of the Rev. Mr. Smith, who had been making hortatory efforts to put them out of business, under the command of Mrs. M. R. Gamble, who operated a parlor house. They heckled the Rev. Mr. Smith in an orderly fashion and finally assured him as he stood in his pulpit that when there was a minimum wage of twenty dollars a week, there would be no prostitution.

* *

M. R. Werner has made careful studies of certain phases of Western history. He is the author among other books of a life of Brigham Young.

JOURNEY OF THE FLAME

By
Fierro Blanco

A Literary
Guild Selection

From the Book

"Distrust is the parent of long life."

"Be courteous to all, but to those you hate be most courteous. Nevertheless, not so they recognize your mind."

"There is a time for all things except getting drunk, and some say that had I married, I would make no exception."

"Father Ugarte hung a hind quarter of deer about his neck when he taught his Indians, knowing only thus would they concentrate upon him, but his audience smacked their lips so loudly as they watched the meat that he could not be heard. Whereupon, striking the loudest smacker, violently across the mouth with an open palm, the Father announced, 'He who smacks his mouth does not eat.' This is still a proverb with us."

From the Reviewers

"A gorgeous tale to be compared with nothing less than 'Arabia Deserta.' "—*Stanley Walker in the New York Herald Tribune.*

"Delectable reading . . . So salty as to lie on the tongue like brine."—*Constance Rourke in The Nation.*

"A fine piece of local color, adventurous, picturesque, and dangerous . . . A pioneer narrative worthy to be put beside the best of recent books of this kind written by Americans, and refreshingly different in atmosphere, characters, and environment."—*Henry Seidel Canby.*

"One of the liveliest biographies of an epoch. Before one has read twenty pages one knows it is 'the real thing.' The main characters stand out as humanly as the characters in Chaucer . . . A volume long to be treasured and to be reread with unaltered delight.—*William Rose Benét in the Saturday Review.*

Same day collectors will be bidding for First Edition copies of this great narrative of the Three Californias in the year 1810, now on sale everywhere at $3.00.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

WE of this periodical are glad to note that *Edward Doro*, author of "The Boar and Shibboleth," has received the award designed by the late *Russell Loines* for the encouragement of a younger poet of imaginative promise. *The Saturday Review* received Mr. Doro's title-poem out of the blue one day, and printed it with joy, later accepting also his "Tonight in Philadelphia." To my mind he should have a future. Young poets who have more firmly established themselves are, of course, *Horace Gregory* and *Stanley J. Kunitz*, and either of these would have been eligible for the award, but Doro has brought something highly original to American poetry.

FOR SPECIAL REVIEW

The latest book of poems by *William Butler Yeats*, "The Winding Stair" (Macmillan), and the new book of poems "Whether a Dove or Seagull" (Viking) written by *Sylvia Townsend Warner* and *Valentine Ackland*, and dedicated to *Robert Frost*, will receive special reviews by other hands in the body of this magazine. In the latter book no single poem is the result of collaboration. Simply, about half of the poems are contributed by one writer and the other half by the other, "the freshness of anonymity" is preserved, and the reader is left to guess which are Miss Warner's poems and which the work of the newer poet. From the glance we have given it, this book seems to contain superior work.

POETRY ON THE RADIO

David Ross is the best-known reader of poetry over the radio. He instituted a program now very popular. His collection, "Poet's Gold" (Macaulay), takes its title from that of the program and is an anthology of the poems he has most successfully read aloud. It carries an introduction by *William Lyon Phelps*. Mr. Ross acknowledges himself indebted to the Columbia Broadcasting System for making his readings possible. He is himself a sensitive poet and has also received the award for good diction by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In fact he holds first place among radio announcers. He has therefore been peculiarly fitted to acquaint a large public with some of the best poetry both of the past and of the present, and—though it is true that certain fine poetry is too difficult of apprehension by the multitude when read aloud—you will find in his book a remarkable number of fine things. He has not read "down" to his audience. He has made a real endeavor to acquaint them with the best. Professor Phelps properly says, in his foreword, that the art of reading aloud is a great art, and comments on the fact that Mr. Ross "has trained an enormous number of people in the appreciation of musical verse." This is a work for which I have the heartiest admiration, for I believe in the widest possible dissemination of the knowledge of poetry by every possible means. It is in this sense that David Ross is "a public benefactor." When one opens his book at random and comes upon such work as "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" by *Keats*, "Dover Beach" by *Matthew Arnold*, "Reveille" by *A. E. Housman*; "The Eagle and the Mole," by *Elinor Wylie*, or "Orientale" by *E. E. Cummings*, one is aware of the fact that we are in the presence of an anthologist of both catholic and extremely good taste. I am glad to find poetry read over the radio in such good hands. *Shakespeare* and *Ezra Pound* are here, *Shelley* and *Emily Dickinson*. There is large variety. There is skilful and intelligent selection.

NEW POEMS BY MISS REESE

Farrar & Rinehart place before me the latest volume by *Lizette Woodworth Reese*, author already of a dozen volumes of poetry and prose. She stands now at the head of our older American women poets in America, by virtue of at least one poem which will live for a long time and of other work of superior craftsmanship. Her new book is called simply "Pastures." Peculiarly enough, in a poem praising mystery, she reaches rather the same conclusion as Voltaire:

If your God is great,
He is unsearchable, by being God.
If understood, you make Him like to you.

Her quiet poems feed upon tranquillity, knowing that beauty survives somehow every "ruffian deed." Also, even a boy driving home the cows can become invested with it. Miss Reese recognizes that "Grief is a stuff as common as the mould," and dilates upon this in language almost Shakespearian:

Who would his bitter for your bitter change?
For a small worse a smaller better know?
Grief is a stuff as common as is rain.
That way comes loveliness, a moment strange:
You wonder at a spire, white phlox in blow;
Had you not wept they would have been in vain.

It has often been pointed out that Miss Reese takes for her material the trees and flowers around her, the ordinary haps of the day. She writes of a thorn tree in Spring, wild asters, sheep bells in autumn, persimmons, smoke, barberry, and a county doctor. But in one superb poem she treats of a character who is "A Throwback," too large for this—as she conceives it—wasted time. For you lose a great part of Miss Reese if you imagine that she merely writes delicate, spinsterish verse.

AN ELIZABETHAN INFLUENCE

No one with an ear can go through her book without detecting an accent harbored with fervor from another time—from the great age of Elizabethan England. She can sing a Spring song as though it were a genuine madrigal. Her phrase often consorts with the seventeenth century, and the kind of house she writes of assumes somehow a Tudor aspect. Yet this is a Maryland poet, most certainly of our own late time. What she wears of the past is out of kinship not affectation.

I congratulate Miss Reese upon the distinction her verse preserves even in her later work. It is not often so of a poet who has, after all, written a dozen books. I find here a slight roughening of the line, but nothing more. Her garlands are still fresh and fragrant.

A GOOD LIGHT VERSIFIER

Margaret Fishback has already won her public with a former volume "I Feel Better Now," which was, incidentally one of the best-selling volumes of verse of 1932. "Out of My Head" (Dutton)—what good titles she gets for her work!—is no less smart and modern, revealing an entertaining personality. She is of New York New Yorky, and fashions clever lines on almost anything that occurs to her as worthy of comment. She is not too patient with matters that annoy her, which lends spice and piquancy to her work. She regards human love not with a jaundiced, but with a wary eye, as note this epithalamium:

O HAPPY DAY

Confetti and satin,
A shower of rice—
Oh, weddings can really
Be ever so nice.

But brides mustn't worry
Nor weddings be spoiled
By thinking of years when
The rice will be boiled.

"Nimble" is the right word for her verses, and her book can be recommended for the weary reader who desires a few pungent brevities. Her trifles are not tremendous but neither are they altogether trivial. They constitute excellent *anti-pasto* among whose varieties you can pick and choose. Miss Fishback is a young working woman of considerable ability in business and fortunate in this gift gracing her lighter moments. The crop of good light versifiers can never be too large in this land.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

"Let Us Dream," by *Don Blanding* (Dodd, Mead).

"Maryland Poets" (Henry Harrison).

"The Wandering Jew at Ellis Island," by *Ernest Willby* (The Willby Art Co.).

"Panorama," by *Agnes Sheffield Welch* (Bruce Humphries, Inc.).

"Strangers," by *R. J. Locke* (Stratford Company).

A companion volume to Nevins's Pulitzer-Prize-Winning biography of Cleveland.

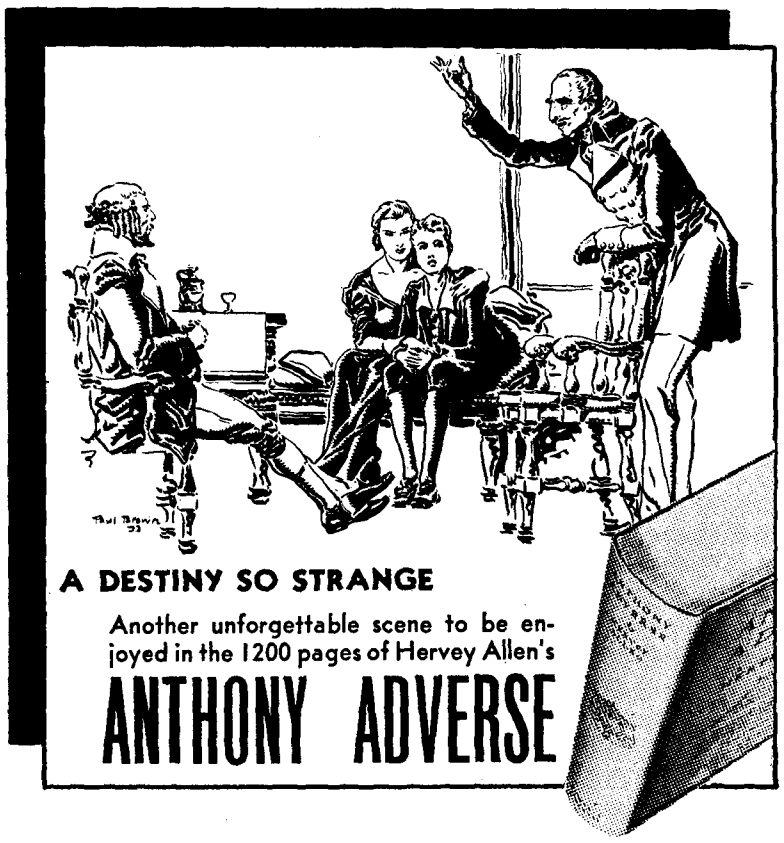
LETTERS OF GROVER CLEVELAND

Selected and Edited by Allan Nevins

Farm revolts, strikes, unemployment, depression, disorganized finances—here you will see how a Democratic President met and solved many of these same problems we face today. This rich store of hitherto unpublished material reveals not only Cleveland's private life but the political issues that agitated his stormy times.

660 pages, Illustrated. $5.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.



A DESTINY SO STRANGE

Another unforgettable scene to be enjoyed in the 1200 pages of Hervey Allen's

ANTHONY ADVERSE

JACOB WASSERMANN

DARK PILGRIMAGE

$2.50

WASSERMANN, at the height of his creative powers, weaves a rich pattern of human idealism in this fervent novel. The modern counterpart of the age-old quest for a "Deliverer" centers around Agathon Geyer and the savage drama which engulfs him. Timely!

LIVERIGHT PUBLISHING CORPORATION
31 WEST 47TH STREET • NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT DO THEY REALLY LIKE?

Animals, fun, information directly given, exciting adventure, mystery, grown-up heroes—we know what boys and girls like! Give it to them only in good writing, and good bookmaking. Think more than a little before you approach the crowded counters. Study your copy of that useful and famous list, "Macmillan Books for Boys and Girls."

NANCY By RUTH ALEXANDER NICHOLS

Big photographs of a real little girl, busy at all the everyday doings of a three to four year old. A "recognition" book with artistic value. Will delight mothers as well as babies. Bound in flowered cloth. $1.75

BLUE BARNS By HELEN SEWELL

Probably the most beautiful picture book of the year, says the *Times*. All the favorite things about a farm, woven simply into the story of the big goose Andrew and the seven little ducks. Surprising, enchanting, easy to read aloud to those under six. Many big pictures. $1.75

JUST ACROSS the STREET

By RACHEL FIELD

The beloved author of "Hitty," "Calico Bush," "Hepatica Hawks," tells a story of the city for younger boys and girls. Daily adventures on a street that might happen in any city, but these lead, through one of her fine plots, to a triumph for a small boy and girl. Many pictures by the author. $1.50

The BIG TREE of BUNLAHY

By PADRAIC COLUM

A grand book for the whole family to hear aloud—then re-read separately. Woven about the boyhood of the author in a little village in Ireland. Stories told by the cobbler, the huntsman, the clock-mender. Pictures made in Ireland by Jack Yeats. The Irish book of the year for young and old. $2.25

ALL THE WAYS of BUILDING

By L. LAMPREY

Another book for many ages to share. All the fascinating facts and stories you look for in many books, under one cover, and told as dramatic human development. Many pictures by Helene Carter. $3.50

THESE UNITED STATES:

And How They Came To Be

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN:

And How It Came To Be

By GERTRUDE HARTMAN

Superb gift books, of lasting value in every home. The cycle of man's progress told and pictured from the angle of the modern historian, in a way that makes people and things vivid and unforgettable. Each $5.00

The fifty books we published last year in this field, the twenty-five this year, the over seven hundred of former years, are books that should be known to everyone interested in boys' and girls' reading.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

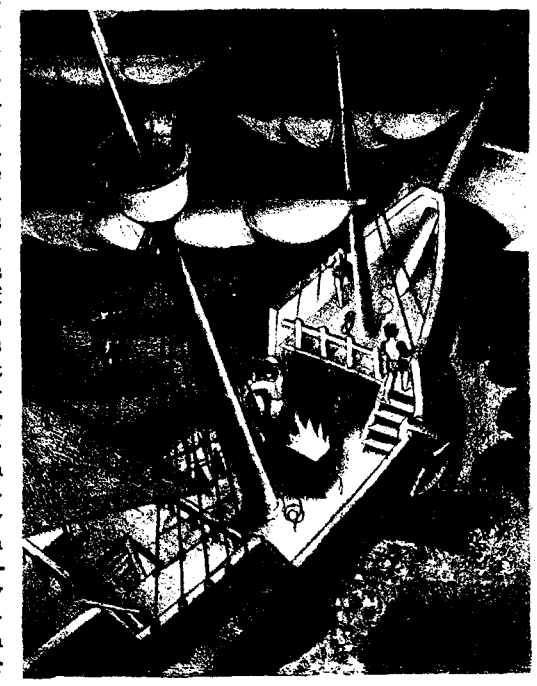
Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

BECAUSE the American Library Association had its annual meeting in October instead of June, we had to wonder all summer who would win the Newbery medal. Now we know that on October 18th it was presented to Elizabeth Foreman Lewis for her book "Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze," published by the John C. Winston Company. This is the second time the Newbery award has gone to a book with Chinese background, but no two volumes could be more different in spirit, for the other, Mr. Christman's "Shen of the Sea," was a group of imaginative, folk tales, while Mrs. Lewis's is a realistic picture of a boy in modern China.

Just before the A. L. A. meeting in Chicago, May Massee gave a tea in honor of the authors and artists who have contributed to her first list of juveniles since she came to head that department with the Viking Press. Originals by such well known illustrators as Boris Artzybasheff, Elizabeth MacKinstry, Maud and Miska Petersham, Marjorie Flack, Rhea Wells, and the d'Aulaires covered the walls and the transformed offices were so full of contributors to the children's book field that we had difficulty in finding our hostess to congratulate her on her new catalogue. This, by the way, has a most distinguished cover by Miss MacKinstry, taken from the pages of her new book "The Fairy Alphabet." We admit a special weakness for Alphabet books, in spite of the fact that we have to say it all through whenever it is necessary to look up a number in the telephone directory. But fortunately this Alphabet makes no such demands, from Ariel on to,—(well, I shall not give away Miss MacKinstry's ingenious methods of dealing with X Y Z's). It is delightful, with many full pages of her spirited black and whites. Another favorite of the Viking offerings is 'The Conquest of the Atlantic" which Mr. and Mrs. d'Aulaire have pictured and written. Ships from the days of the Vikings down to the present ocean liners and Zeppelin trans-Atlantic flights are all here. It is a book to conjure with, and one which makes us just a little envious that we came too late to have spent long, rainy afternoons poring over these lithographs instead of struggling with historical dates and geographies full of uninspiring maps.



FROM "THE CONQUEST OF THE ATLANTIC"

Another book which makes us wish to have had it in the years between eight and ten is Alice Dalgliesh's "America Travels," published by the Macmillan Company and embellished with some of the most beautiful and authentically American pictures we have ever seen. These are the work of Hildegard Woodward who has illustrated two other of Miss Dalgliesh's books, both stories of Sandy Cove, in Nova Scotia. The Macmillan Company is also responsible for a new and utterly irresistible Dorothy P. Lathrop book. This one, like her "Fairy Circus" of a year ago, is all hers from cover to cover, both text and pictures. It is the simple and poetically told story of two children, a baby goat, and other wary, wild creatures in a wood. For those who know Miss Lathrop's special genius with ferns and berries, with feathers and tiny hoofs and pointed ears, no more need be said except that the name of the book is "The Little White Goat."

We cannot help wishing that Miss Lathrop might have made headings and tailpieces for Frances Frost's book of nature poems, "The Pool in the Meadow" (Houghton Mifflin Company). The delicate bloom of frost and dandelion fluff is here, and there are bees and crickets and grasshoppers and rabbits with white pelts "like puffs of snow." Yes, it deserves Lathrop pictures or none at all. When we think of most of the too consciously ingenuous or dull doggerel put out in the name of children's verse, we feel particularly grateful to Miss Frost and to her publishers for printing these true, brief lyrics, and for refraining from labeling them "Poems for Children." We quote one of our particular favorites:

BLUE SMOKE

Beside the mountain roads, the men
Heap and burn the leaves again.
While the mountain dusks grow brief and cold,
The children scuffle through fallen gold,
Knowing that soon, some early dawn
The peaks will be white, and the leaves be gone.

Another book of verse that we think children will like to hear and say to themselves, is "Over the Garden Wall," by Eleanor Farjeon (Stokes). Although these are typically English in background and more bubbling and high-spirited than Miss Frost's frail, faintly chilly snowflakes of rhyme, both books are free of any tendency to patronize young readers. Miss Farjeon is master of the sure, singing poems that children find themselves saying aloud without knowing how they learned them. This bit on autumn is in the same mood as Miss Frost's, but shows another approach.

THE BONFIRE

This cloud of smoke in other hours
Was leaves and grass, green twigs and flowers.

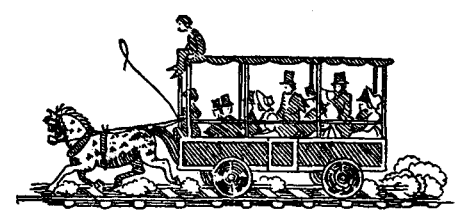
This bitter-sweet dead smell that blows
Was once the breathing of the rose.

Shapeless the forms of petals fair
And slender leaves melt on the air.

And in a scent she never knew
In life, the rose departeth too.

We recently received a copy of the new edition of "The Wind in the Willows" which Scribner's has just brought out with Ernest H. Shepard illustrations. Personally we like him better here than in the "When We Were Very Young" mood that brought him such fame.

One thing we have noticed with relief,—no matter how children's manners, morals, and tastes may change with the years, nothing has changed the universal longing, between the ages of three and twelve, for a shetland pony. We can still remember our emotions every time we went to play with the fortunate possessors of such a pet. We felt those emotions all over again last week when we laid hands on Berta and Elmer Hader's "Spunky: The Story of a Shetland Pony" (Macmillan). Everything is here that childhood can desire,—circus music, lonely cliffs and plains, other children, and just enough vicissitude to keep the heart beating. As for the pictures,—the versatile Haders have never been so felicitous in technique and subject matter. The lit-



FROM "AMERICA TRAVELS"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tle white pony is a personality, whether he is pulling a cart or dashing through his tricks in the ring. No boy or girl should be without this particular treasure.

Monkeys, too, come into their own this season, especially Margery Bianco's monkey in "The Hurdy Gurdy Man" (Oxford University Press). Here is a beautifully told story of a tidy, too practical town, and of the transformation wrought in it by a mysterious traveling organ grinder and his monkey. Then there is "Ship's Monkey" (Morrow) in which Honoré Morrow tells the true account of a native monkey's escapades aboard a sailing vessel as recounted to her by William J. Swartman, master mariner. Besides being a most engaging story of an appealing mascot, the story gives an unusually vivid picture of life on an old time sailing ship. It is illustrated by Gordon Grant who knows how to get the smell of salt into his pictures.

From the Bradford Press in Portland, Maine, has come our copy of Elizabeth Hill's story "When Kitty Came to Portland," brought out this year in honor of the city's three hundredth anniversary. Elizabeth Hill has been dead since 1925, but her name looms large in our memory of a Christmas in the early nineteen hundreds when her other book, "My Wonderful Visit," also with charming pen and ink headings and tailpieces by Beatrice Stevens, took us by storm. That other book which told of a child's intoxicating seven day's visit in the country is still on my shelves, and though this sequel is perhaps less broad in its appeal, still it makes a pleasant companionpiece.

Just one more line for "Fortune's Caravan" (Morrow), which we like even after helping to turn its French into a book for American youngsters. Marion Saunders discovered and translated this gay account of a French family of long ago who went adventuring by caravan through the roads of old France. The author is Lily Jean-Javal and the illustrations by Maggie Salcedo could have come from no other country but France. We confess to having thoroughly enjoyed having a finger in this particular pie!

Newbery Medal No. 12

By FREDERIC G. MELCHER

WHEN the John Newbery Medal was presented this year to Mrs. Lewis for her "Young Fu" it was a ceremony that moved me very deeply. There were two thousand librarians in the great hall of the Hotel Stevens. Della Macgregor of the St. Paul library who presided had assigned to me the very pleasant responsibility of seeing that Mrs. Lewis reached the platform at the proper moment.

Of course, the medal has no great intrinsic value, but as the voucher that marks the selection of "the most distinguished book for children" for the previous calendar year it may be considered to have high value to the one whose name has been engraved thereon. It has seemed to me that the librarians have done an admirable job in making these awards. Their catholicity of taste and real open-mindedness have resulted in such variety of choice as "Dr. Dolittle" and "Hitty," "Smoky" and "The Cat Who Went to Heaven."

It is twelve years now since the John Newbery Award was first made. Very clearly I remember the A. L. A. meeting at Swampscott where the idea blossomed forth. Alice Hazeltine, one of the beloved leaders in childrens' librarianship, was chairlady of the Section that year. I had been asked to give a talk about Children's Book Week, then a new idea and now the oldest of all "weeks" and still the most useful. I remember looking down from the platform at all those enthusiastic people from every part of the Union and wondering whether they could not, as a group, take on one more job by helping to assure a greater literature for children as well as a wider reading of the then available literature. "To have great poets," said Whitman, "there must be great audiences too." These people knew the audiences of boys and girls, knew them intimately, knew what boys and girls *really* wanted. They could help build a greater literature, by giving authoritative recognition to those who wrote well. I conceived the plan of an annual award and offered it on the spot with the suggestion that good old John Newbery's name be attached to the medal. The distinction has been conferred ever since and has aroused much satisfaction and real pleasure.

Stories of Ireland

THE BIG TREE OF BUNLAHY. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Jack Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE list of the works of Padraic Colum, on the flyleaf of this new book, shows it to be his thirtieth volume. He has dealt inimitably with world epics, folk romance, stories for very young children, poetry and plays, novels, essays, and travel books. Now in these new stories of his own countryside, supposed to be communicated to him when a boy by the old clock-mender, the huntsman, the shoemaker's daughter, the "mountainy man," Father Maurice, the cobbler and the scholar, he has written another book that will charm both children and grown-ups. The brogue is in it, by the turn of phrase, a thing as natural to his writing as it is to Colum's speech. The sights and sounds of the funny little one-sided Irish village are in it too. The marvels of Irish legend serve as tapestried background. It would do all married people good to read "The First Harp," and I shall be a long time forgetting "Nannie's Shoes." "The Three Companions" is as pleasing an animal story as I have read for a long while. And "The Two Youths whose Father was Under the Sea" and the story of how the leprachauns first came to Ireland, who were originally Luchrapauns or Luprachauns, are in the best traditions of the fairy story. Their telling reminds one of the best things in those grand multicolored volumes of one's childhood, edited by the seemingly omniscient Andrew Lang. The animal story mentioned above is as good as anything in Grimm without having the sadistic flavor that so many of Grimm's tales possessed. "The Story of the Spaeman" must have its English equivalent in a long-forgotten book I once possessed of Old English Fairy Tales.

So I counsel you that the new Colum work is quite up to standard. Neither, if parents are astute, should it grow any moss on the bookshelves!

To a Child at Noon

By MARION CANBY

SKIPPING girl or boy curvetting,
Isn't there something you're forgetting?
Look down, look out,
Look all about—
Look hard to find your shadow!
Sunshine drenches down like rain
Of moonrays turned to gold again—
But what flies over the meadow?
Only swallows that scud and fling
Themselves on high and lightly sing
Till their notes fall down like rain
Of silver on the wind's disdain,
Cooling brightest sunlight.
No sliding shadow is in sight
Of butterfly or dandelion-seed
Or child astride on hobble-steed:
You have lost your shadow!

FROM "THE HURDY-GURDY MAN"

Over 2,500,000 Children

DURING the past ten years, over two and one-half million children have become the very personal possessors of Doubleday, Doran JUNIOR BOOKS. . . . Why? Because these children have discovered for themselves that JUNIOR BOOKS are made for them. They are not just books that never happened to grow up. Our JUNIOR BOOKS DEPARTMENT is a separate publishing operation with a ten-year background. Enthusiastic specialists plan these books to please young people—editorially, artistically, colorfully; in type and format and, most of all, in story. . . .

Picture-Story Books

A SURPRISE TO THE CHILDREN, *by Mary Kennedy.* With special musical interludes by Deems Taylor, and many charming illustrations by J. H. Dowd. "A joy," says Walter Damrosch, of this delightful story that turned Central Park into fairyland one winter afternoon. A lovely gift for any child! $2.00

OLA AND BLAKKEN, *by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Ola's back!* Here's good news for the thousands of friends of the smiling little boy who walked into the affections of the country a year ago. This time he brings his lively, cream-colored horse Blakken with him, and their adventures are told with gay imagery and gorgeous color. $1.75

WAG-TAIL-BESS, *by Marjorie Flack.* Our popular friend Angus teaches a shy young Airedale to wag her tail. With pictures, in color and black-and-white. $1.00

MICHAEL AND PATSY: On the Golf Links, *by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan.* Two Sealyhams go out for sport in an exciting story which is a Book Plus a Game to be played on the end-papers designed as a golf course. $1.00

Medium Group

MARTY AND COMPANY, *by Rose B. Knox.* A lively assorted "Company" makes wishes come true on a Carolina farm. By the author of "The Boys and Sally," with painting by Eugene Iverd. $1.75

TALES OF A RUSSIAN GRANDMOTHER, *by Frances Carpenter.* Genuine tales of the Old Russia, by the author of "Tales of a Basque Grandmother," with many pictures by I. Bilibine. $2.50

BENJAMIN'S BOOK: About His Family, *by Elma Ehrlich Levinger.* A hilariously matter-of-fact young man relates the adventures of a real American family. Kurt Wiese illustrations. $2.00

STRANGE FISHES and Their Strange Neighbors. A "hunting" trip with a camera in the big New York Aquarium, with fascinating photographs and clever comments by Paul Kearney. $1.25

Junior and Senior High School Age

LUCK OF THE TRAIL, *by Esther Birdsall Darling.* Illustrated by Morgan Dennis. A dog story as genuine as "Navarre of the North." $1.75

ENGINES AND BRASS BANDS, *by Olive Beaupré Miller.* Here's a book to be shared by the whole family—the colorful story of a midwest town in the 90's—by the famous originator of "My Book House." $2.50

KIRDY, The Road Out of the World, *by Harold Lamb.* A daring young Cossack rides the steppes to avenge his tribesmen. Fine adventure, based on history; illustrations by Boris Artzybasheff. $2.00

YOUNG AMERICA'S STORY OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Man of Action, *by Sadyebeth and Anson Lowitz.* Here's the most inspiring book of the year for young Americans—the whole story of America's great Man of Action, lavishly illustrated with photographs and drawings. $1.75

JIM OF THE PRESS, *by Graham H. Dean.* A newspaper editor writes a rousing flash-action story of a young reporter. $1.75

FIRE FIGHTERS! *by John J. Floherty.* A uniquely thrilling close-up of these fine men at their hazardous work. Spectacular action photos, vivid explanatory text. $1.50

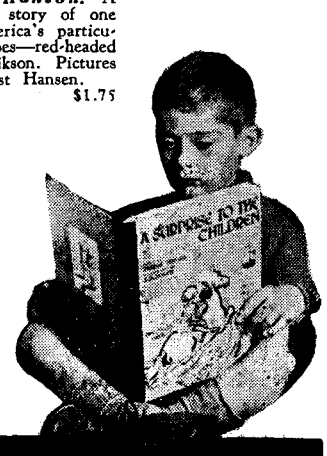
DIGGING IN THE SOUTHWEST, *by Ann Axtell Morris.* Delightfully informal experiences of a New World archaeologist. With 32 photographs. $2.50

THE MYSTERY OF THE EMPTY ROOM, *by Augusta Huiell Seaman.* Illustrated by Irving Nurick. A mystery novel, which leads four modern young people back to a curious page of New Jersey history. $1.75

JAVA JUNGLE TALES, *by Hendrik DeLeeuw.* Genuine folk stories—a true trip to Java, not just a tourist's jaunt. Kurt Wiese illustrations. $1.75

THE FORGOTTEN DAUGHTER, *by Caroline Dale Snedeker.* The authentic romance of Chloë, a lovely girl of noble Greek descent, yet a slave on a Roman farm. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. $2.00

ERIC THE RED, *by Lida Hanson.* A rousing story of one of America's particular heroes—red-headed Leif Erikson. Pictures by Ernst Hansen. $1.75



For those who love "The Christ Child" with its beautiful pictures for the Bible text, Maud and Miska Petersham have designed a lovely unfolding scene—THE CHRIST CHILD CRÈCHE—not a book—as a center for Christmas celebration. 50c

Ask your bookseller about YOUNG MODERNS—exciting books from favorite authors, now only 75c the copy. And be sure to find out about the new JUNIOR MYSTERY CLUB, whose first selection is Carl H. Claudy's *Treasures of Darkness* ($1.75). Membership is FREE.

JUNIOR BOOKS

Jr

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc.
Garden City, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet Mr. Toad— the gay, care-free, reckless Mr. Toad who romps through the pages of

The Wind In the Willows

Kenneth Grahame's classic story, with 94 illustrations by

Ernest Shepard

the illustrator of the Milne books. A book for every child and the price is just $1.00

and this is Chung-Pa who tells about his exciting, idyllic boyhood in Korea in The Happy Grove by

Young Kuo Kang

author of "The Grass Roof" His new book says John Chamberlain in the New York Times is "almost pure beauty, pure happiness." It has many drawings by Leroy Baldridge $2.00

and ask your bookseller to show you the 20 titles in The Scribner $1.50 Series of Illustrated Classics the best chance you ever had to start or add to a child's library at an unequaled low price for books of high value

SCRIBNER BOOKS

"First Choices"

We asked some of our young friends to tell us which books they liked best of their this year's reading. Herewith their own statements.

THE E. NESBIT BOOKS (The Bastable Children, The Five Children). Coward-McCann.

IN this book review, I am going to tell you three reasons why I like the E. Nesbit books. The first reason is that the pictures must be very nice. Not just that, but they must be interesting and amusing, and be able to tell things that are not written in the book. If I opened a book that had a very interesting story but cheap, bad pictures I would not call that book perfect, far from perfect I would call it. Now the second reason is the story; that is even more important than the pictures. For the story must be interesting and amusing just like the pictures. It would have to be not just amusing but interesting, too. Interesting is what builds up the story. And it would have climaxes, too. The E. Nesbit books I have found have not magnificent pictures, but very nice ones. And the story is extremely interesting and amusing. And it has climaxes, too. So you think that if I opened a book and found a very interesting and amusing story, delightful pictures, I would think it perfect. But wait for the third reason. It must be what I would call true. Anyone who reads this book review may think this silly, so I will explain. Now fairy tales are, as everyone knows, not true. A book called "Ola and Blakken" that I have read and liked is not true. Maybe "Robinson Crusoe" is true, I do not know. But "Tom Sawyer" is true. It shows what would happen to a boy that had a companion like Huckleberry Finn and an adventurous spirit like Tom's. The story does not have to be positively true, but take for an example the E. Nesbit books. They are just what a lot of children are doing, but they are extremely interesting books. Why? Because they are near being true. The books show what would happen if children like in the E. Nesbit books were live children what they would do. Now even in true stories you find an untrue thing like the little girls never eat their spinach. These things are amusing but not true. Now the E. Nesbit books have nice pictures, a very interesting story, an amusing one, too, and it is near being true. So I consider these books perfect, perfect, perfect.

STEPHANIE BENÉT (age 9½).

MICROBE HUNTERS. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace.

THE best book I have read this Fall—and I have read many— is Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters." It contains one of the most important events of some great scientist's lives, Louis Pasteur, his hydrophobia and anthrax bacilli; Robert Koch, his tubercle bugs and cholera, and Paul Ehrlich's magic bullet. Other great microbe hunters in this book are Leeuwenhoek, Spallanzani, Roux and Behring, Smith, Metchnikoff, Bruce, Reed, Ross, and Grassi. It is an excellent book, clearly described, and fit reading for anybody who is interested in a fine book by a fine author.

BLYTHE MORLEY (age 10½).

THE MUSEUM COMES TO LIFE. By Maribelle Cormack and William P. Alexander. Illustrated by Henry F. Melog. American Book Company.

I'M interested in animals, and this book is very interesting. The pictures are nice, and they're good drawings.

The book is about a real museum, but the story is just made up because the animals in the museum come to life. The picture on the first page of the story is of all the animals it is about, and the picture that is up above the beginning of the story is of a little mouse. Probably the hole in the coal-bin window that it comes in is really there.

The animals talk to the little mouse that comes through the hole. They tell him about their adventures in life, how their life went past, and how they got to be in that museum. And they told him about what they saw and how they made chases after animals and of how animals chased them, and the chapter of eagles is one of the good ones.

There is a nice chapter about a shrew, how the shrew lived, and there's a nice chapter about the seven sleepers, the bat, the raccoon, the flying squirrel, the chipmunk, skunk, woodchuck, and the jumping mouse.

I go to the Natural History Museum that's just like the museum this book is about, and I've seen jumping mouses stuffed, bison, dinosaur bones, bats, moose, and others. I'd say that other boys and girls who go to that museum would like this book.

JOHN CHIPMAN FARRAR, JR. (age 6½).

IGLOO. By Jane Brevoort Walden. Putnam.

IGLOO was a very special little dog. His many adventures with his master, Commander Byrd, make a wonderful story.

Igloo is a very small, bedraggled little stray dog in the streets of Washington when the story begins. He is rescued by a lady and sent to Byrd, who is about to leave on an expedition to the South Pole. That is where his career as a special dog begins. He is taken on several expeditions and by that time he, as well as his master, is famous. Their ship comes to port amid cheering, which he does not understand, and he becomes a well known hero. He becomes acquainted with Commander Byrd's children and has many adventures until his death, which was a great tragedy, not only to his family, but to his host of friends and acquaintances, including the President.

This book, with its wonderful drawings by Diana Thorne, is a story full of character which every one should read.

CARLOTTA TAYLOR (age 10½).

JAVA HO! By J. W. Fabricius. Coward-McCann.

IT is a book worth reading! It's about Dutch boys on a ship, an old sailing ship too. One boy gets left on the boat by accident and is imploring everybody to turn the boat around so he can "go back to his mother"; and it's a long voyage also. But he is made to see that nothing can be done.

They have a great many swell adventures. In their first storm they of course didn't feel so very well. As for excitement they had the very pleasant experience of a ship blowing up under them.

It does have some long descriptions, and I don't usually like books of that kind, but I liked this one!

LOUIS H. POLLAK (age 10½).

A Book for Boys

THE KING'S MULE. By Dwight Akers. New York: Minton, Balch. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

THIS is a very masculine juvenile. If your daughters don't like it, give it to your sons. In fact, it might be better to begin with the sons. All the characters, both human and animal, are male except negligible ones.

There is not one hero but three, George, Jerry, and Mike. They start off with a mule, Larry, who has just reached the age of retirement after many years of being never absent or tardy at work in the potato patch. The boys discover Larry can talk. He leads them to strange adventures in which they meet all the beasts of the field, squirrels, rabbits, moles, fieldmice, and foxes. They attend the annual boat-race and boxing match. This part of the book is exactly a boys' school story transposed into the animal world.

Fantasy is like a soufflée; it has to be superbly done to be good at all. This is not "Alice in Wonderland" or the "Wind in the Willows." It is mediumly well done. The book breaks into verse at intervals; successful verse except for the parody of the Owl and the Pussycat beginning

I never have sailed romantic seas
With a frolicsome Pussy Cat. . . .

That was better the first time, as the lady said to the copyist busy doing an Old Master in an art gallery.

L. G. Illingworth, who contributes to *Punch*, furnishes excellent animated animal drawings.

National Best Seller

NO SECOND SPRING

$20,000 Prize Novel

BY JANET BEITH

$2.50 STOKES

32nd PRINTING

Magnificent Obsession

by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

"A National best seller for 18 consecutive months!" Publishers' Weekly

Order Today $2.50

WILLETT, CLARK & COMPANY

New York Chicago

A new kind of

INTERNAL REVENUE

. . . coming soon

Christopher Morley's INTERNAL REVENUE

For Younger Readers

DASHENKA

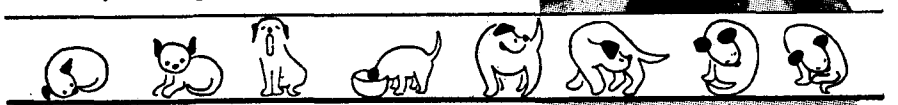
THE LIFE OF A PUPPY

Written, drawn, photographed and endured by

KAREL CAPEK

Dashenka, a tiny wire-haired terrier, rather enjoyed learning to walk, to dig, to fight, discovering for herself the advantages of tearing trousers (the visitor was "very fond of dogs") chewing shoes, or using the wash on the line for a tug-of-war. Aided by many drawings and photographs, Mr. Capek has given in all its humor and charm the true story of Dashenka's upbringing. $2.00

Also by Karel Capek, FAIRY TALES, *Illus.* $1.75



HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, 1 Park Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture Books

By ALICE DALGLIESH

IN a picture-book Utopia, children, under the guidance of sympathetic adults, would have a great deal to say about the making of their picture books. There would be a laboratory, a human and friendly laboratory in which books would be tried out by many children *before* publication.. Manuscripts would be read aloud to children and kept on shelves where they could be handled. At the end of three months or so some of them would show fingerprints on the pages and some would be perfectly clean! The fingerprinted ones would go out into the world wearing a paper band, like a Newbery medal book, and on this band would be printed, "Tested and approved by children and grown-ups in the Picture Book Laboratory." Such a plan would kill the creative genius of artists and authors, you say? Not at all! It would really be a life extension institute for picture books. Authors and artists would watch the books being used with children, and they would soon be conscious of the places where the listeners began to wriggle, where a strange blank look came into several pairs of eyes, where there were puzzled frowns. After the books had been tried out, what then? Large sections of descriptive text would be omitted, obscure phrasing would be clarified, pictures added and subtracted, slow places speeded up, adult flippancies thrown on the junk heap. A text that had been read aloud many times and improved at each reading could not come limping along behind its pictures.

As no such plan exists, the next best thing is to try the books out with children after publication. I am nearly always sorry if I review a book before trying it out with children, because sometimes my armchair viewpoint is completely reversed. This year "The Happy Hen," by Helen and Alf Evers, was one of my enthusiasms. When I read it aloud to children I found that, although it is a nice picture book, its climax, most entertaining to adults, fell decidedly flat. I tried it with another group. They looked at me blankly and asked, "*Why* was she happy to be home? Didn't she want to go with the other chickens? Why didn't *they* come back?" Children are so literal. The clever ending is not always the satisfactory one, and subleties are dust and ashes.

It is such fun when a picture book "goes over" completely. This year there are some delightful books. Almost all of those reviewed here are well worth adding to a child's library, the "ifs" and "buts" merely indicate how they might be even better. Usually the beautiful and spectacular books are reviewed first. Let's reverse the process and take some rather inconspicuous but very childlike books that might not be noticed among the more elaborate ones. There is no uncertainty about the children's enjoyment of "Bobbie and Donnie Were Twins," by Esther Brann. It is not a very artistic book, there is nothing very unusual about it, but no book will be better loved by very little children this year. There are two birthday parties in it, and as we read about the first one Philip, aged four, murmurs, "Boy, oh boy, oh boy!" Another childlike book is Berta and Elmer Hader's "Whiffy McMann" with a good story, delightful kittens, but people who might look more pleasing. "Butterwick Farm," by Clifford Webb, is a most attractive book in which two little English children pay a leisurely visit to a farm then "hurry home to tea." Then there is "Ping," the gay story of a Chinese duck told by Marjorie Flack and pictured by Kurt Wiese. In using this with children one finds that it is very confusing to have single pictures giving the effect of double spreads alternating with real double spreads. Marjorie Flack's books owe their great success to their action and reality. Children enter into her stories wholeheartedly. As Angus follows the cat upstairs in futile chase a small boy shouts, "Get her, you dumb-bell, *get* her!" A better commentary on the Angus books does not exist. The new Angus book, "Wag-Tail-Bess," seemed to me to be a little too much on the same formula as the three other books, but the children welcomed it with such joy that I have to say with them, "It's just grand to have another book about Angus!" The story is simple and well told.

Now for the spectacular books! First of all the books of the year I would place Wanda Gag's "ABC Bunny" and for a very special reason. Wanda Gag has a feeling for the rightness of words that no other maker of picture books can approach. Children love to follow the bunny's adventure through charming pictures and clever rhyming couplets full of pleasant words:

M for Mealtime, munch, munch, munch!
M-m-m these greens are good for lunch!

Q for Quail, R for Rail,
S for Squirrel Swishy-tail.

There are all too few picture books which allow children to revel in the sound of words and of delightful phrases such as:

Millions and billions and trillions of cats.

And their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter.

Purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings.

Speaking of color, look at the last double page spread in "Ola and Blakken," by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Here Ola, Blakken, Line, Sine, and Trine leave in quest of new adventures which we trust they will find. The text of this second Ola book is clearer, better written, and more childlike than that of the first book, and it is a real adventure story. It is full of delightful thrills. There is a "big bad" troll bird with "big bad black eyes," a bird so big that it has (to the delight of the children) to sit on *two* roofs. "Ola and Blakken" is decidedly a six, seven, and eight-year-old book, it is rather stimulating fare for the average younger child. We have two very decided groups of picture books, one group with familiar happenings for the babies, and one group for the children who, with increased age, become bold and adventurous-minded.

Another colorful and handsome book is Maud and Miska Petersham's "Get-Away and Háry János." Children of six and seven like it, many adults are enthusiastic about it. As collectors of toys the Petershams see the toys as they have pictured them. As another collector of toys I see them differently. To me toys are as simple and lovable as the children who play with them, not as smartly sophisticated as the toys in this book. And why in this toy heaven do all the foreign toys suffer (in text, not pictures) from a touch of Americanization? This is an individual point of view, possibly few will agree with it.

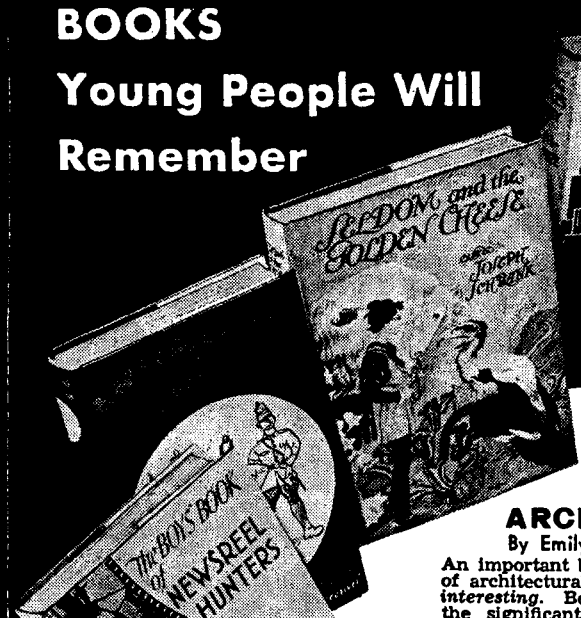
The pictures in Helen Sewell's "Blue Barns," while not in color, are a joy to adult eyes and charming to children. We like to look at them again and again. Although the text is by no means as beautiful as the pictures, the pleasant story of a gander who adopts seven little ducklings has much in it to interest children, and the book should be a favorite for many years to come.

This year we are indeed fortunate in having a number of funny books, books that are truly childlike in their fun. "Babar the Elephant," by Jean de Brunhoff is a most spectacular book translated from the French. It is gay and amusing, sophisticated yet childlike—just the kind of book that fathers enjoy as much as small boys. "Junket Is Nice," by Dorothy Kunhart, is about as much on the level of a child's humor as a book written by an adult can possibly be. After such a situation as "a cow with her head in a paper bag" the reader is overwhelmed by an avalanche of laughter. The book is too long, it is over-naive in style, and it is quite ugly, but *it is funny* and well worth reading. "Gaston and Josephine," by Georges Duplaix, are two little French pigs who will have a good deal of popularity on account of the present pig epidemic. Although children think the book is funny, it cannot approach the simple gaiety of Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs." Whole pages, such as that showing the little pigs at the opera, are made entirely for grown-ups. Among the funny books don't forget "Nicodemus and the Houn' Dog," by Inez Hagon, which has both plot and humor.

There is a whole group of photographic books, and it is really time to be quite critical of these. We might have photographic books that would be entirely charming and satisfactory, but from their first appearance most of these books have lacked plan. They suffer from having too many pictures that are too much alike,

(*Continued on page* 282)

BOOKS Young People Will Remember


The YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY of ARCHITECTURE
by EMILY HELEN BUTTERFIELD
SELDOM and the GOLDEN CHEESE
by Joseph Schrank
The BOY'S BOOK of NEWSREEL HUNTERS
UNCLE SAM'S GOVERNMENT at WASHINGTON
MAKING the SCHOOL NEWSPAPER

The YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ARCHITECTURE
By Emily Helen Butterfield
An important book that makes the story of architectural forms and developments *interesting*. Begins with Egypt and traces the significant steps down to modern America. Illustrated. (12-18 years) $3.00

SELDOM and the GOLDEN CHEESE
By Joseph Schrank
A fairy tale for 1933, about a boy and a miraculous piece of cheese. Delightful illustrations. (7 and up) $2.00

ANNALUISE and ANTON
By Erich Kästner
The author of "Emil and the Detectives" in a new story of a rich girl and a poor boy in Berlin today. Illustrated. (7-10 years) $1.75

The Boys' Book of
NEWSREEL HUNTERS
By Irving Crump
The exploits of the newest type of journalist—the motion-picture reporter. A thrilling book with a vocational interest. Illustrated. (12-16 years) $2.00

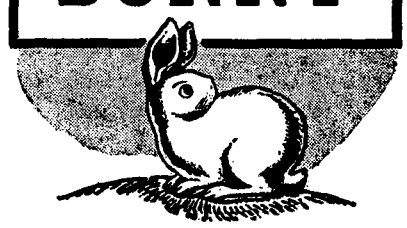
UNCLE SAM'S GOVERNMENT at WASHINGTON
By George Knapp
Lively, intelligent picture of the various government departments and activities. Illustrated. (12-16 years) $2.00

"MAKING" the SCHOOL NEWSPAPER
By Irving Crump
Indispensable for the young journalist. Illustrated. $1.50

DODD, MEAD & CO., Inc., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City

New juveniles from Coward-McCann

Wanda Gág
Author of Millions of Cats
THE ABC BUNNY



Like no other A B C you ever saw before: a connected story, dodging its merry way through the alphabet with the adventurous bunny as hero. 28 full page lithographs. Size 10¼ x 12. (2-6 years) $2.00

By E. Nesbit
THE ENCHANTED CASTLE
The tale of a magic ring and the grief and joy it brought to its young wearers. With the original H. R. Millar illustrations, and a preface by May Lamberton Becker. (7-14 years) $1.75

By Hawthorne Daniel
THE LOST PROFESSOR
A new story for girls by the author of *The Seal of the White Buddha;* laid against the colorful historical background of New York City in the 1850's. (12-16 years) Illus. $2.00

By Isadore Lhevinne
THE ENCHANTED JUNGLE
The thrilling account of a visit to the Jíbaro Indians in Ecuador. "Adventure of the first-rate, hardy brand."—*Saturday Review.* Illustrated photographs. (12-16 years) $2.50

By Katie Seabrook
COLETTE and BABA in TIMBUCTOO
Adventures of a little French girl and a Touareg boy—exciting and colorful as the Arabian Nights. Illustrated. (7-11 years) $2.00

Illustrated by
ELIZABETH MacKINSTRY
ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES
A children's classic, illustrated by one of our most distinguished artists. 12 full-pages in black and white; center spread and frontispiece in color; and many decorations. A beautiful gift book. (7-11 years) $2.50
Preface by Anne Carroll Moore

And Don't Forget JAVA HO! by Johan Wigmore Fabricius ($2.50) and THE PARROT DEALER by Kurt Wiese ($2.00) two of the grandest boys' adventure books.

COWARD-McCANN
55 Fifth Ave. New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enthusiasm for THE SHORT BIBLE

has been so immediate that a first large printing was exhausted within two weeks after publication. Praise and comment have been pouring in from reviewers, ministers, college presidents, booksellers, men and women who have welcomed the idea of a Bible "to read and enjoy." This is what some of them say about the five important features of *The Short Bible*—edited by Edgar J. Goodspeed and J. M. P. Smith:

THE SELECTION:

The Short Bible seeks to present those parts of the Bible which everyone ought to be acquainted with, from a literary, historical, or religious point of view.

The Boston Post says: "A book that has long been needed . . . presenting the salient facts of the Bible . . . but utilizing only such parts as would give a connected story." Rev. Neal D. Newlin, in the *Cincinnati Post,* emphasizes that it is "an abbreviated edition *without losing any values.*"

THE INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS:

Each book is prefaced with brief, interesting editorial comments about why it was written and its place in history.

"It is not too much to say that to the reader who has not kept pace with Bible scholarship, these prefaces will be a revelation."—*The Saturday Review of Literature.*
"Everyone who reads the Bible should have this book as an auxiliary." — Baker Brownell, Northwestern University.

THE CHRONOLOGICAL ARRANGEMENT:

The books selected for inclusion have been arranged in the probable order in which they were written, the Old Testament beginning with the Book of Amos. In the New Testament the Epistles of Paul come first.

"One feels like testing out the chronological arrangement to see if the difference between Amos and Genesis can be recognized in their religious ideas," says F. G. Melcher, editor of Publishers' Weekly.

THE TRANSLATION:

The Short Bible is based upon the American Translation, especially designed for American readers, edited by Edgar J. Goodspeed and J. M. P. Smith.

"In sheer beauty of language and dramatic incidents it outdoes the best selling fiction or the most impressive historical work"—*Los Angeles Saturday Night.* "The reputation of the two editors stands for what is most thorough-going and advanced in modern Bible scholarship"—*Evangelical Herald.*

THE FORMAT:

$2

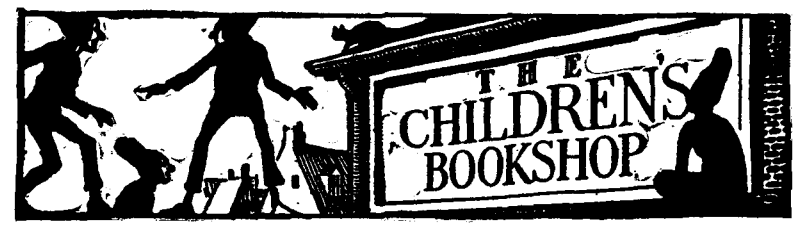
Printed and bound like a modern book, with a single-column page, paragraph divisions, full use of quotation marks, large type.

"A book for reading, gaily bound in red cloth"—*Time.* "Looks human, reads human, is human" — *International Journal of Ethics.*

A great book value at two dollars.

Ask to see THE SHORT BIBLE at your bookstore. It is an ideal gift for men, women, and *young people.* A noted educator writes—"I've a notion if the book were left lying around amongst young people they would read it with a sense of discovery." And *The Saturday Review* says "The new generation may here find a doorway to the greatest monument of spiritual literature."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 ELLIS AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.



A Living Child

WHERE IS ADELAIDE? By Eliza Orne White. With illustrations by Helen Sewell. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1933. $1.75.

Reviewed by ANNE CARROLL MOORE

"GO and find Adelaide and wherever she is and whatever mischief she is up to, tell her to stop it and come in at once. She is ten minutes late already." Adelaide at the moment was in the top of the tallest fir tree. She had climbed up there to escape an arithmetic lesson, and it took all Henry Chase's powers of persuasion and a certain amount of bargaining to bring her down again.

With the wit and understanding of child nature and the rare power of characterization which distinguish the work of Eliza Orne White she has created a living child character in Adelaide and placed her in a setting so true to New England that one can hear the people talk on every page. Adelaide is an orphan whose aunts find her a problem and send her to live with Mrs. Chase, who, it must be admitted, finds her a handful at first; but thanks to the tact of her young son Henry, the wisdom of old Marty the cook, who had lived in France, and the Christmas visit of Mr. Chase, Adelaide achieves a state of being loved and wanted by everybody without changing her essential nature. "She is a child who likes to be of importance," says Mr. Chase toward the end. It is a mistake to think that lively children are always a trial to their elders. But it is Marty, the warm-hearted cook, who confides to her, "If you had left these premises I would have had to follow you." The reader will follow Adelaide—follow her further, I believe, than any character Miss White has created in the many delightful books she has written for children.

It is nearly forty years since little Marietta Hamilton grew up from the age of three and a half to her eighth birthday within the dainty white covers of "A Little Girl of Long Ago." More widely read by children today than in the time it was published, those who read the book as children for the story read it as adults for its true pictures of child life in Boston of the 1820's and in Springfield when that city was a mere village.

The little Marietta Hamilton who crossed the Atlantic with her artist father in the sailing ship *Topaz* with her brother's miniature ship trailing from the stern was Eliza Orne White's mother whose best friend, Lucretia P. Hale, wrote the "Peterkin Papers." The New England life she depicts has a glow upon it. It is warm with friendliness, full of incident and natural conversation. In restricting her field to writing of little children in a New England environment Miss White has never restricted her outlook upon life itself. She brings to her scene the skill of the novelist who defies time.

Helen Sewell's drawings for "Where Is Adelaide?" are informed with the high spirits of the text and with feeling for the characters.

A Dog's Life

DASHENKA: THE LIFE OF A PUPPY. By Karel Capek. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

CAPEK has a double sense of humor, as those who remember "Letters from England" know. He sees humors reflected in a mirror of life, and sees behind the mirror, too. The story of Dasha has none of his malicious irony, but it doesn't fail to twist in and out among men as well as dogs. Dashenka is a fox terrier puppy, whose charming photographs are part of the book, which is enlivened still further by numerous amusing sketches which make a kind of Mickey Mouse progress of the life of a pup. Capek has "written, drawn, photographed, and endured" it all—a house full of puddles and torn slippers, a garden dug into trenches, a puppy learning to be a dog. The endurance was noble, the pictures excellent, but the writing is best of all; for here one learns not only how the infant Dasha learns to assort her feet, but also the kind of fairy tales which keep dogs quiet while their pictures are being taken: how the Doberman ate his tail until he had to be chased apart; how a hare racing past the Creator's studio pulled the bone pile after him which became the grey hound, how and why the fox terrier lost the tip of his tail. Someone writing in this magazine a few years ago asked what would happen if the masters of adult literature began to write again for children as they did in the nineteenth century. Here is an instance which should satisfy anyone except those, if any, who hate dogs.

"From Six to Twelve"

SHIP'S MONKEY. By Honoré Morrow and William J. Swartman. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. $2.

NAM & DENG. A Boy and Girl of Siam. By Phyllis Ayer Sowers. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1933. $1.50.

COLLETTE AND BABA IN TIMBUCTOO. By Katie Seabrook. New York: Coward-McCann Co. 1933. $2.

SOUTH SEA PLAYMATES. By Robert Lee Eskridge. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1933. $1.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS TOBEY

THERE is a danger in reading four books at one sitting, so to speak; it is apt to produce a comparative judgment, to raise any which is superior to dazzling heights in the reviewer's mind and to lower to the point of the negligible any which, considered alone, without the proximity of the others, might seem fairly pleasant. Yet there cannot be any possible doubt that 'Ship's Monkey" is a distinguished, delightful book. As told by William J. Swartman (Master Mariner and ex-Lieut. R. N. R.) to Honoré Morrow it concerns the joys and trials, to the good ship *Tamana,* of Chabu, a pet monkey who was found, wounded, in Sumatra by the *Tamana's* bosun. Chabu's adventures are escapades which the reviewer would not trust himself to relay to you; you must—and should—read the book to discover them in all their fine flavor. Gordon Grant's admirable contributions help to make this a book which should have the serious consideration of the Newbery Medal committee.

"Nam and Deng" and "Collette and Baba" not only invite comparison; they demand it. This is unfortunate for the author of one of last year's outstanding books, "Gao of the Ivory Coast." "Nam and Deng" is the story of a brother and sister in Siam, their everyday life and the adventures that befell them when Nam was kidnapped and held for ransom. "Collette and Baba" is the story of Collette's journey from France to Timbuctoo, via the Ivory Coast and the Niger River, and of the attempted kidnapping of Collette and the Touareg boy, Baba, when desert tribes clash in a blinding sand storm. But the desert raid and its excitement occupy only twenty-odd pages of one hundred and sixty-eight which read more like a wearied traveler's letters to the simple-minded servants at home than a story which promises color and charm if not adventure. How much more gracefully Mrs. Sower's story bears the exposition of details of the life of Siamese children, how much more completely does its narrative thread lassoo the minutiæ which has to be explained at every step. "Nam and Deng, A Boy and Girl of Siam" is definitely a book on our recommended list.

"South Sea Playmates" is the story of the author-artist's visit to the Island of Manga Reva in the southern Pacific and his friendship with a native boy and girl, Yo and Ti-Ti. It is all there, the games, the preparation of coffee, the descriptions of fish-life and pearl-hunting, but it has the flatness of a group of postcards and none of their rich and essentially florid coloring. Only the Tahitian myth of Tafai's prowess takes any hold upon the mind. Even the illustrations do not live up to the promise of the colorful jacket drawing.

All concerned with life in strange lands under unfamiliar conditions, these books are for boys and girls between six and twelve years of age.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS

RUMMAGING among the letters in our file we chanced upon one which had come in before we took over this department, but which is so pertinent to Children's Book Week that though the information it requests is too late for the occasion for which it was desired we are nevertheless answering it. *R. R. of Albuquerque, N. M.*, who is a "grand-auntie," wished a selected list of "classics every child should know." Now who that ever loved books as a child could resist such an opportunity to make propaganda for his favorites, or once launched upon naming the volumes he cherished but would find himself in hot water in holding them down to the limitations imposed upon him by a column? As for ourselves, to make a bad matter worse, no sooner had we begun to go over in our mind the "classics" than there popped into our head all those many other volumes far from classics which we read surreptitiously, the yards of Henty and Alger and Edward S. Ellis which we purloined from our brothers, the stray volumes which our incautious elders —little thinking that childish taste would relish—left about in odd corners; an illustrated edition of MANON LESCAUT, a TRILBY someone had put on a pantry shelf, a paper bound novel with a Russian princess for heroine who with no provocation at all that we could discover threatened to plunge the jewelled dagger she drew from her hair into the heart of the villain—all the flotsam and jetsam left by visitors and thrust into cupboards or closets. We still wish we knew what that tale with the melodramatic heroine contained — "The Heart of the Princess Osra" we think it was called—and we remember nothing of it but the dagger episode. As we recall we were about ten when we read it, and it was only years later when we recurred to it in our thoughts that our bewilderment over the lovely lady's violent action began to be dissipated. From our own experience we are quite convinced that most of what parents dread lest children get from books passes completely over their heads, and that their inexperience takes from classics and other works supposedly too advanced for them much that is beautiful and little that is harmful. Which, however, doesn't mean that we don't believe in bestowing on the child a carefully selected library adapted to his years.

So now we are back at the classics. We're omitting names of publishers in enumerating them, for in all but a few instances they are out of copyright and issued under several imprints, and we're passing over MOTHER GOOSE and Kate Greenaway, and the fairy stories—Grimm and Andersen and Laboulaye and other collections of folk tales—and starting in with Lewis Carroll's ALICE IN WONDERLAND and THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, Hawthorne's WONDER BOOK, Kingsley's WATER BABIES, Kipling's JUST SO STORIES, Ruskin's KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER, Charles Carryl's DAVY AND THE GOBLIN, Lucretia Hale's PETERKIN PAPERS, Joel Chandler Harris's UNCLE REMUS Stories, Kipling's JUNGLE BOOKS and PUCK OF POOK'S HILL. THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT, Wyss's SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON, Defoe's ROBINSON CRUSOE (awful confession, we've never read it through except in words of one syllable), Swift's GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, and Stevenson's A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE. We haven't segregated the foregoing books in age categories, because though some of them will appeal to younger children than others, almost all of them will still be thumbed even when the more advanced books have become favorites. They should carry the child along happily until about his ninth year after which he (or in this one instance perhaps more properly she) will be ready for LITTLE WOMEN and the rest of Louisa Alcott, for Mark Twain's ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, Stevenson's TREASURE ISLAND, Kenneth Grahame's THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS, George Macdonald's AT THE BACK OF THE NORTHWIND, Thackeray's THE ROSE AND THE RING, Irving's ALHAMBRA, Jules Verne's THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND and TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, and a DON QUIXOTE edited for children. Then, between eleven and thirteen, the child can read with delight Stevenson's KIDNAPPED, Scott's IVANHOE, Dickens's THE TALE OF TWO CITIES, Cooper's THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS and THE SPY, Mark Twain's THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER, Dumas's THE THREE MUSKETEERS, and (oh, ineffable excitement and delight) THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. And there we end our main list, for it is our firm belief that after that age children should be reading fairly broadly among the adult classics, and that if they don't do it in the years between thirteen and seventeen they are never going to read some of the world's best literature. Yet before we actually conclude we want to make a plea for a few books rarely read at all today, Maria Edgeworth's tales, some of which are intended for little tots, others for children in the eight to ten category, and still others, the novels of Irish life, for the adult reader. The stories for children are didactic, to be sure, and have a British tinge which lends them an unfamiliar turn, but they are good tales with sufficient lively incident to offset their moral teachings. And, oh, we almost forgot to mention Thomas Hughes's TOM BROWN AT RUGBY (personally we loved TOM BROWN AT OXFORD as well), and— But what's the use, we could keep on adding titles till we had no space left in our columns for anything else. Yet one more postscript. Add Frances Burney's EVELINA and Jane Austen's PRIDE AND PREJUDICE to the library of any girl of thirteen and she'll take to her heart in early youth books that she'll only fully appreciate in maturer years. A horrible thought has struck us. We've mentioned no poetry at all except Stevenson's A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. Yet no children's library would be complete without volumes like de la Mare's PEACOCK PIE and COME HITHER, Louis Untermeyer's THIS SINGING WORLD, and Burton Stevenson's HOME BOOK OF VERSE. Now we really must stop and go on to the request of *M. L. B. of Washington, D. C.*, for "a list of books for a young girl who is interested in architecture, music, and painting as fine arts."

ADVENTURES INTO ART

We take it for granted that by "a young girl" M. L. B. means someone in her middle teens and therefore mature enough for adult books. For her we suggest the COLLEGE HISTORIES OF ART (Longmans, Green), edited by J. C. Van Dyke, of which the volume on architecture is by Hamlin, that on painting by Van Dyke, and that on sculpture by Marquand and Frothingham. If she wants to pursue her studies further she might read the Everyman's Library edition of Vasari's LIVES OF THE PAINTERS (Dutton), and THE HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE (Harpers), by S. F. Kimball and G. F. Edgell. Lewis Mumford's STICKS AND STONES (Liveright), a study of architecture, Thomas Craven's MEN OF ART (Simon & Schuster), and Suzanne La Follette's ART IN AMERICA (Harpers) would all prove interesting reading. As for music, she might first get a general survey of its development from such works as Elson's BOOK OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE (Houghton Mifflin) and Pratt's HISTORY OF MUSIC (Schirmer), and follow that up with such volumes as A LISTENER'S GUIDE TO MUSIC (Oxford University Press), by Percy A. Scholes, THE ORCHESTRA AND ORCHESTRAL MUSIC (Scribners), by W. J. Henderson, H. E. Krehbiel's HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC (Scribners), and Douglas Moore's LISTENING TO MUSIC (Norton).

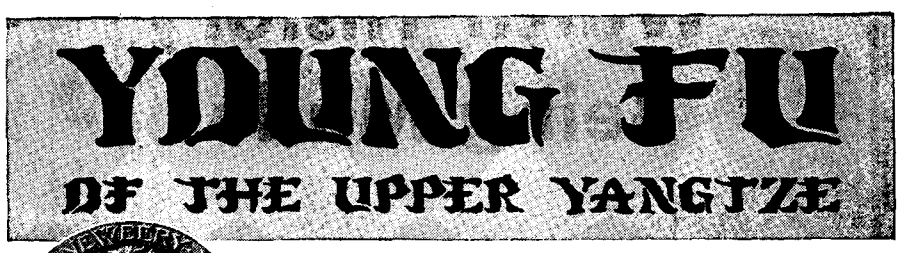
TALES OF COLONY AND PLANTATION

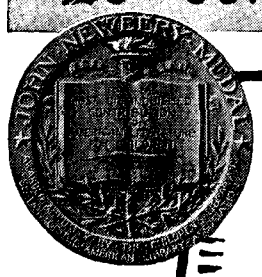
The destiny which shapes our ends—the fifteen inches which constitute our column —has brought us to a sorry pass. For we have a long list of titles prepared to give *H. J. of Putnam, Conn.*, who wants reading material for children of about nine and ten on colonial days in New England and the other colonies and plantation days in the South, and no space in which to present it. "Some story with a historical background" is what H. J. wants. Well, perforce, instead of giving a variety from which to choose we'll mention but a few. Here they are: Nathaniel Hawthorne's GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR (Houghton Mifflin), John Bennett's BARNABY LEE (Appleton-Century), a tale of New Amsterdam, COLONIAL STORIES RETOLD TROM SAINT NICHOLAS (Appleton-Century), and WITH THE CAMP (Scribner's) and TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES (Scribner's), by Thomas Nelson Page.

THE JOHN NEWBERY MEDAL

AWARDED TO

Elizabeth Foreman Lewis • *Author of*





"FOR THE MOST DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN"

Hundreds of beautiful children's books are published each year. Are you ever at a loss to know which one to choose? Here is a book which has been honored above all others . . . a book which will fascinate every boy and girl from 11 years up through the teens.

THE NEWBERY MEDAL, the highest honor in the entire field of juvenile literature, was awarded October, 1933, by the Children's Librarians of the American Library Association. This award, after expert review of all children's books published during the year, was made for "The Most Distinguished Contribution to American Literature for Children."

YOUNG FU is not only an absorbing story of a young boy of Chungking, but a fine and realistic picture of modern China as well. Author and artist have passed many years in China, and every detail of text and illustration is a true portrayal of life in China as it is today. 44 illustrations by Kurt Wiese, 4 in full color **$2.50**

Other New and Distinguished Winston Books for Boys and Girls

The Story Book of THINGS WE USE • *Maud and Miska Petersham*

All about Food, Clothes, Houses and Transportation, written in simple style to appeal to younger children. A picture on every page, half of them in five colors..... **$2.50**

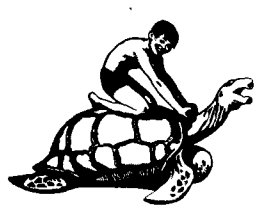
Publication Date, December First

GIFF AND STIFF in the South Seas

Gifford Bryce Pinchot

Thrilling adventures of two "regular fellows" on a six-months' cruise to the South Seas. Written in a boy's own way by the son of the Governor of Pennsylvania. 116 action photographs **$2.00**

Publication date, November First. Choice of the Junior Literary Guild



ONE DAY WITH MANU

Armstrong Sperry

One busy, happy day in the life of a small boy who lives on a coral island away down in the South Seas. 45 gorgeous illustrations, including 20 full pages in 7 colors. For younger children **$2.00**

Entered in the Book List of the American Library Association. Choice of the Junior Literary Guild

SILVER CHIEF, Dog of the North

Jack O'Brien

A rugged adventure story of the Canadian wild, with a lovable dog as the hero. 41 illustrations by Kurt Wiese **$2.00**

Entered in the Book List of the American Library Association. Choice of the Junior Literary Guild

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO. • *Phila., Pa.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watch History Being Made!

GREAT events are often more thrilling in the making than in the happening. The inevitable precursors, the public mutterings, the mistakes of those in high places, lead a nation, or a world to startling reversals. Harpers Magazine, ever sensitive to important trends, ferrets out for you the beginnings of new developments.

Harpers Magazine explains for you the reason behind the news, tells you about the people who are blazing new trails, weighs the possible consequences of big incidents and little ones, and makes brilliantly clear the course of human progress or decline, long before the actual end has materialized.

For a limited time we are offering Harpers Magazine to new readers at the very low price of $1.00 for 5 months. (Just half the newsstand rate!) Why not give yourself a Christmas present by sending in the coupon below at once? You will receive more than 50 brilliant articles and 20 distinguished short stories including:

MICHIGAN MAGIC.....By John T. Flynn

THE STRUGGLE FOR INTELLECTUAL INTEGRITY.....by P. W. Bridgman

THE BLACK POPE OF VOODOO by Faustin Wirkus

HOOVER AND MACDONALD ON A LOG by Drew Pearson

WHAT A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW by Margaret Culkin Banning

THE PLIGHT OF THE GERMAN INTELLECTUALS by Dr. Alice Hamilton

R. M. S. TITANIC.....by Hanson W. Baldwin

MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS.....by Harold J. Laski

Harpers MAGAZINE

FIVE MONTHS for only ONE DOLLAR

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

SR12

Harpers Magazine, 49 East 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

Here is my dollar. Send me your five months' subscription.

Name .....

Address .....

Picture Books

(Continued from page 279)

and from having a made-to-order text built around the pictures. Lena Towsley's "All Around the Alphabet" has some nice pictures of babies but certainly not enough interest to endear it permanently to small children. "Johnny-Around-the-World," by André and William La Varre, is a fine idea disappointingly executed. It is time that we began to give serious thought to whether books that claim to promote international good-will actually do so. If you were African or German, would you really want to see your country represented solely by the child who represents it in this book? Look at those pages and think. Of course, some of the children are charming, but many of the pictures lack action and interest. As far as plan is concerned, "The Train Book," by William Pryor, seems the most carefully thought-out of the photographic books, and although it is rather heavy with information it has great appeal for children. "Nancy," by Ruth Nichols, is within the realm of three-year-old interest in that it pictures Nancy's daily activities without forcing them into a formal story pattern. The pictures are charming, but the text is at times distinctly "written down," and the introduction is something to omit when reading the book aloud. "The Second Picture Book of Animals" has beautiful photographs of familiar animals and should be even more popular than the "First Picture Book of Animals."

One question about which I am much concerned is how much "atmosphere" it is legitimate to put into books for small children. Undoubtedly there can be a great deal of it in the pictures, as in "Ola and Blakken," where it does not interfere with the story. In Emma Brock's "The Greedy Goat" the Tyrolean setting is not too obvious; it is very skilfully suggested by the pictures, and my children have worn out three copies of that book. Miss Brock's new book, "The Hen That Kept House," is a fine and amusing story when one gets past the first few pages. Children are impatient to get to the story and do not want to be slowed up by the berets and shoes worn by Basque peasants. In a picture book there should not be anything that has to be skipped, and the story should begin immediately. The pictures by Emma Brock for "Johnny Cake" are very nice indeed, but publishers of folk tales should give their books a gayer format if they are to compete with Silly Symphonies!

Two picture books translated from the Swedish should be mentioned. Elsa Besekow's "The Sun Egg" is a rather insipid fairy tale with colorful pictures. "Snipp Snapp Snurr and the Magic Horse," by Maj Lindman, carries a great appeal in its pictures and has a fairly well told story.

A few years ago American picture books did not excel in pictures. They have improved tremendously in this respect. The next improvement should be in *text*—towards this we undoubtedly need a much more critical attitude on the part of authors and publishers. Good pictures alone do not make a good book.

THE HAPPY HEN. By Helen and Alf Evers. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $1.

BOBBIE AND DONNIE WERE TWINS. By Esther Brann. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

WIFFY McMANN. By Berta and Elmer Hader. New York: Oxford University Press. 75 cents.

BUTTERWICK FARM. By Clifford Webb. New York: Warne. $2.

PING. By Marjorie Flack. New York: The Viking Press. $1.

WAG-TAIL BESS. By Marjorie Flack. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $1.

A B C BUNNY. By Wanda Gag. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.

OLA AND BLAKKEN. By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $1.75.

GET-AWAY AND HARY JANOS. By Maud and Miska Petersham. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

BLUE BARNS. By Helen Sewell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

BABAR THE ELEPHANT. By Jean de Brunhoff. New York: Smith & Haas. $3.

JUNKET IS NICE. By Dorothy Kunhart. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.

GASTON AND JOSEPHINE. By Georges Duplaix. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.

NICODEMUS AND THE HOUN' DOG. By Inez Hogan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

ALL AROUND THE ALPHABET. By Lina Towsley. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $1.

JOHNNY-AROUND-THE-WORLD. By André and William La Varre. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.

THE TRAIN BOOK. By William Pryor. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.

NANCY. By Ruth Nichols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

SECOND PICTURE BOOK OF ANIMALS. New York: The same. $2.

THE HEN THAT KEPT HOUSE. By Emma Brock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

JOHNNY CAKE. By Emma Brock. New York: G. P. Putnam' Sons. $1.50.

THE SUN EGG. By Elsa Beskow. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.

SNIPP SNAPP SNURR AND THE MAGIC HORSE. By Maj. Lindman. Chicago: Laidlaw & Bros. $1.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of the Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

CULTURE CIRCLE, Room 812, Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57th Street, open every Saturday 8 P.M., offers lectures on Art, Theatre, Travel, Politics, Timely Topics, also lessons in bridge, dancing. All lectures followed by cards and dancing. Admission 50c. Make reservations for $1.50 Thanksgiving dinner to be held at Aldine Club, 1 P.M. November 18th, subject "Germany and Disarmament."

FOR SALE: Old established, profitable, book, stationery, gift, toy and novelty business. Located up state. Requires about $10,000. Box 261.

CONGENIAL companionship through correspondence. Stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Wash.

EXPERIENCED editorial work and rewriting of Ph.D. theses, organization reports and articles or books in the social science field by professional writer and trained sociologist. Rogers and Fitzgerald, 7 East 9th Street. Tel. STuyvesant, 9-7326.

YOUNG LADY, almost a stranger in New York, would enjoy "Dutch treat" companionship of man about thirty who is at least five foot eight. Interested in almost everything from walks in the rain to the newest book on this, that, or the other thing. Box 335.

ANYBODY who enjoys correspondence with interesting people desiring companionship is invited to join the Elite Social Club, P. O. B. 30, San Francisco. Send stamp for information and application blank.

WANTED. Experienced writer to collaborate with explorer writing newspaper and magazine articles on share basis. State qualifications. Box 338.

REFINED, attractive woman, thirty, tall, brunette, charming hostess, experienced practical arts, wide knowledge of life, wishes opportunity to adapt herself to needs of interesting, cultured family. Box 339.

LADY—stranger in New York City, would meet gentleman, 40 years or over, for contract bridge partner. Box 340.

YOUNG, alert, Antioch College co-ed, with ambition, persistence, and real zest in life, wishes work in New York City beginning after Christmas. "Eager."

YOUNG NOVELIST, Harvard graduate, cultured taste for sound literary art, thorough background, and disgust for enthusiasts, desires position as reader for publishing house or as reviewer; experience; will submit sample reviews. Galt, 302 W. 78.

AGAIN, Staff, Lima Public Library, Ohio, offers rare, beautiful pages from illuminated medieval manuscripts and incunabula from Otto Ege collection. Ideal gifts for discerning. One to twenty-five dollars. Write.

WANTED: A furnished apartment for Christmas. Meeting my son in New York for school holidays (Dec. 18 to Jan. 5). Will pay well for sublease of three, four, or five-room furnished apartment near Greenwich Village. Please write offer at once c/o Saturday Review. Box 341.

AMBITIOUS Promoter and Author, favorable connections, wishes to book engagements for experienced lady or gentleman orator or lecturer, coming winter, author preferred. Box 342.

LONELY WIDOW—Social Registrite wishes remunerative work—anything, anywhere, residential, daily, hourly. Well-read, educated, travelled, good company. Box 343.

LADY of refinement, homemaker, would give services to elderly gentleman or couple, in exchange for home, companionship, and small compensation. "Alone."

FRIENDS, Roamers, Little Bookshops, please help us make December 7th a big day for T. Morris Longstreth by placing one copy of his recent witty "Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa" (Appleton-Century) or his ideal gift for boys "In Scarlet and Plain Clothes" (Macmillan). Two Friends.

A new kind of INTERNAL REVENUE ...coming soon

Christopher Morley's INTERNAL REVENUE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

WRITER—young lady, wishes small, comfortably furnished apartment; light; space; privacy—primary considerations. Maximum $8.00. Gramercy Park section preferred. Box 345.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN invited to social club, entertainment, dancing, refreshments. Sunday evenings—8 P.M. Admission $.50. "Talk of the Town Club," Studio 61, Carnegie Hall.

WELL-KNOWN artist wants cultured person, energetic, resourceful, to get contacts and portrait orders. 35% commission to right person. Studio 30, 51 West 10th Street.

SINGLE, Protestant teacher, employed. Does not smoke or dance, yet considered quite normal; enjoy books, music, nature. Is there a sensible, sober, unattached man of 40 in Ohio who would correspond or meet? Central Ohio.

WHO needs the abilities combined in college graduate with a flair for domesticity? Intelligent, cheerful, capable, musical, widely-travelled young woman wants position as housekeeper, companion, home or travelling. Box 413, Delmar, N. Y.

STAMP collection of 9,000 varieties, through world travel unusually rich, must be sold; absorbing interest ⅔ of owner's life. "Philatelist."

CULTURED, middle-aged Englishwoman, widely travelled, pleasing personality—loves America. Would appreciate pen friendships with cultured travelled Americans in fifties. BM/Pebc, London, W.C.1, England.

NEW YORKER widow, 28, liberal, interested in current issues, believer in modern trends in art, literature and political economy, of manners and morals old-fashioned, desires lively correspondence with like-minded man or woman. Box 344.

ACCOMPLISHED gentleman, Truth student, desires total care of an invalid, preferably in the South. Home-seeker.

GREETINGS from corn belt! Isolated young woman, book worm, wishes interesting correspondence. Favorite novel, "Old Wives' Tale"; favorite waltz, Blue Danube; favorite sport, hiking; favorite dog, Irish Setter. Pet aversion, bridge. Yours? Corn Belt Miss.

YOUNG man, 21, educated, possesses no smoking, drinking or any degrading habits, desires *work!* Of any nature— anywhere! Single, white, American — interested in higher things of life. Best of references given! The opportunity wanted! Thanks. Any correspondence accepted. George.

YOUNG woman, early thirties, wishes correspondence with unattached professional man—humorously inclined, interested in music, literature, and humanity. "Priscilla."

THE MIXERS invite you. Personal and round robin letters. Georgia Smith, 5452 Second, Detroit.

NEW ORLEANS girl, 27, who expects to reside in New York shortly, would like to correspond with a young man between the ages of 30 and 35, preferably college graduate, interested in books, the theatre, and dancing. Box 346.

LONGING for country? Owner offers charming, comfortable stone house in nearby Connecticut until May or longer. Suitable for cloistered, economical couple or sizeable, servanted family. Sound views while shaving. Trees, birds, squirrels. Antiques, oil heat, electric refrigerator. Easy walk to station. Better commuting than Brooklyn. First responsible party offering $100 a month can move in immediately. Box 347.

ACCOMPLISHED fine artist; water colourist; gallery recognition; has an interesting collection of original water colors suitable for Christmas Gifts. Will execute original woodcuts for Christmas Greeting Cards. Very reasonable. Will call at your home or office. Box 348.

FIFTY dollars month: will rent for winter, small 1830 house in New England whaling town, 3½ hours from New York, on main line; complete modern equipment, books, silver, linen. Coal heating, approximately $25 month. Box 349.

GIFTED author wishes to sell his material to leading publications throughout country. Editors, write to Box 350.

YOUNG lady (23) would like position as piano accompanist. Experienced in arranging and composing. Also experienced in teaching children music or kindergarten subjects. Near top of N. Y. C. teachers' list. "Harmonia."

A new kind of
INTERNAL REVENUE
...coming soon
Christopher Morley's
INTERNAL REVENUE

The New Books

(Books of the week in Archæology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

Belles Lettres

THE SMILE AND THE TEAR. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $2.50.

The authors of the inimitable "Experiences of an Irish R. M." which they have never quite duplicated, present here a very slight work indeed,—sketches of southern Ireland, "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes," with the usual mixture of charm, pathos, and sentiment. Deeply personal in their approach and content, these recollections of an earlier Ireland cut to the core. Traceries of a pattern of lives simple to the point of barrenness, they convey tenderly the quaint phraseology and picturesque twists of language so characteristic of the most lovable if inconsistent race on earth. Though marred by sentimentality and a too wistful tone, the homeliness of its philosophy and piquancy of its style lift this book about the commonplaces of daily rural life above the commonplace.

E. L. V. A.

Fiction

SEA WALL. By L. A. G. Strong. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Strong prefaces his novel with a quotation from William Butler Yeats—apparently intended to suggest the symbolical role of the sea wall, which is so prominent in the novel and in the experiences of its chief character, Nicky D'Olier. "There is for every man," Yeats says, "some one scene, some one adventure, some one picture, that is the image of his secret life. . . ." The sea wall is apparently this image for Nicky D'Olier. Its exact significance is difficult to put into words; but as Yeats says in the same connection, "wisdom first speaks in images."

Nicky D'Olier, by the way, is a friend of the Dermot Gray who had such picturesque experiences along the same Kingstown sea wall, in Strong's earlier novel, "The Garden." The two novels are quite unlike, in spite of the identity of the background and the fact that both are about boys. Dermot's boyhood was a sheltered and comparatively happy one; Nicky's first memories are of quarrels between his parents (who are hopelessly, dejectedly at odds), and he grows up in an atmosphere of strained emotions and constant, if sometimes hidden, irritation.

There are certain shameful family secrets which are always being concealed from Nicky, and the gradual revelation of these gives the novel part of its movement. Since the reader's enjoyment depends partly upon the satisfaction of his curiosity about these, it would not be fair to outline them here.

The novel is solidly built on the two parallel lines of the gradual revelation of Nicky's family's past, and the incidents of his boyhood and youth. Nicky spends part of his time at the house next door, fishes along the sea wall, travels in to Dublin occasionally, is sent to preparatory schools (where he makes friends and enemies, and develops ability as a boxer) and later joins the army and finds his old-time neighbor, Dermot Gray, in a regiment "somewhere in France." Back in Ireland, he is almost killed in the post-war disorders.

The story seems at times a little episodic and we notice that Strong indicates the passage of time by writing "a year passed" or "two years passed," instead of making us *feel* the passage of time, as a novelist like Martin Anderson Nexö, for instance, makes us feel it. But "Sea Wall," like its predecessor and "companion novel," "The Garden," is entertaining. The descriptions of sea and sky, the particular "feel" of Kingstown, and the humorous, rather crotchety characters, as well as the tender portrait of Nicky, all hold our interest.

C. S.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

The Aesthetics of William Hazlitt. E. Schneider. Univ. of Pennsylvania Pr. $2. *The Use of Poetry.* T. S. Eliot. Harvard Univ. Pr. $2. *Who Says Old?* E. E. Ferris. Sears. *The Art of the Novel.* P. Edgar. Macmil.

BIOGRAPHY

Thomas More. D. Sargent. Sheed. $2.50. *A Diary of the Voyager of H. M. S. Beagle.* C. Darwin. Macmil. $6.50. *The Letters of Romain Rolland and Malwida von Meysenburg.* Holt. $2.50.

FOREIGN

Die Neugestaltung des Modernen Englischen Theaters. H. Bergholz. Berlin: Bergholz.

MISCELLANEOUS

Important People. J. H. Dowd. Illustrated by B. E. Spender. Scribners. $3. *The English Flower Garden.* W. Robinson. Scribners. $6.50. *Hounds and Hunting through the Ages.* J. B. Thomas. New York: Windward House. $5. *The Clubs of Augustan London.* R. J. Allen. Harvard Univ. Pr. $3. *How to Buy Beef.* E. G. Halliday and I. T. Noble. Univ. of Chicago Pr. 75 cents. *Sales Management Today.* J. R. Doubman. Holston House. $3. *De Arte Illuminandi.* Trans. D. V. Thompson, Jr., and G. H. Hamilton. Yale Univ. Pr.

PAMPHLETS

Mathew Carey. K. W. Rowe. Johns Hopkins Press. *Philip Mazzei, Friend of Jefferson.* R. C. Garlick, Jr. Johns Hopkins Pr. $2. *Taxes and Tax Dodgers.* D. W. Hoan. Socialist Party of America, 549 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. 5 cents. *The Pepys Tercentenary.* H. L. Stewart. Halifax, Canada: Dalhousie Review. *How to Win at Stud Poker.* G. H. Fisher. Los Angeles: Stud Poker Press. 50 cents. *Other People's Lives.* Third Series, 1932-1933. C. S. Love. Univ. of North Carolina. Pr. *Twentieth Century American Literature.* M. N. Bond. Univ. of North Carolina Pr. *The Book in the Making.* S. Unwin. London: Allen & Unwin. *Common Sense and the Crisis.* G. Wells. Doubleday.

POETRY

Divina Commedia. Dante Alighieri. Ed. C. H. Grandgent. Heath. $3.60. *Arabesque.* H. Morland. Oxford: Blackwell.

RELIGION

Creative Christian Living. W. B. Stabler. Univ. of Pennsylvania Pr. $1.50.

TRAVEL

The Face of Scotland. H. Batsford and C. Fry. Scribners. $2.75. *Santiago de los Caballeros de Guatemala.* D. H. Popenor. Harvard Univ. Pr. $1.50.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
TOO BEAUTIFUL *Sylvia Thalberg* (Julian Messner: $2.)	Rental Nickel-trap	Her theatrical career was her pappy's occupation, and he tended it plenty. Father knows best.	Used Grease-paint
THE BEGINNING OF A MORTAL *Max Miller* (Dutton: $2.50.)	Special	The author of "I Cover the Water Front" reminisces in smooth prose on episodes of his childhood in the West.	Pleasant
WATER ON THE BRAIN *Compton Mackenzie* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.50.)	Farce	The author, who was in the headlines a while back for having given away military secrets in a book immediately suppressed, defends himself in a novel kidding the crepe moustaches off the Intelligence Service.	Good Lemon Meringue
DELIGHT *Pamela Wynne* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love story	Sir Hilary Whatsis finds himself eventually in one of those quandaries over his son's sweet governess and another charmer to whom he is considered bound.	Chocolate Cream
PRECIOUS JEOPARDY *Lloyd C. Douglas* . (Houghton Mifflin: $1.)	Special	A Christmas story about the activities of a business man whose death is expected at any moment. By the author of "Magnificent Obsession" and "Forgive Us Our Trespasses"; thought-provoking, of course.	Xmas-lax

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—According to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.
ville: Moby-Dick.

DESIDERATA

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your list. 15 Ann Street, New York.

BOOKS RELATING TO SALT WATER ONLY, new, rare and old. Catalogues. Alfred W. Paine, 336 Lexington Avenue, (39th Street), New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SPECIALIST IN Dickensiana and books of great English authors first published in America. C. W. Cavanaugh, 212 Ancon Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

MORLEY, McFEE, MENCKEN First Editions. List ready. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS, PRESS BOOKS. Correspondence solicited. Plymouth Book Shop, 1842 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS. Largest and Choicest Stock of FRENCH books in FINE BINDINGS, Art books, Rarities,—Standard and Current French books, over 500,000 in stock. Catalogue 20c (stamps). The FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS, scientific and literary; ask for catalogue of your specialty. Otto Salomon, Export Bookseller, Oranienburgerstrasse, 58, Berlin N24, Germany.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue. Market analysis of manuscripts without fee.

AUTHORS' OR EDITORS' ASSISTANT. Editing manuscripts. Collaborating. Reviewing. Typing. Amy Lillie, 39 East 78th Street, New York.

SPEECHES, REVIEWS, ARTICLES specially prepared. Scholarly service. Authors Research, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD PRINTS

YOU CAN BUY A GENUINE 17th Century Map in lovely old colors of most any part of the world except the Americas for $3.00. Size about 20 x 26". These are worthwhile decorations when correctly framed by us.—No plush in the Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Ave., at 30th Street, N. Y. C.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York. Out-of-print books. Reasonably and promptly supplied.

SCARCE AND RARE BOOKS. SEND your lists. No service fees. Bookhunters, 220 West 42, New York City.

RUSSIAN POSTERS

COLORFUL SOVIET POSTERS, all sizes, covering various phases of life in modern Russia. 15c to $1.50. Mrs. K. N. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

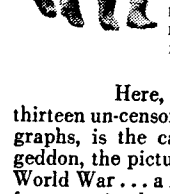
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*

"Who might set a stop," asks LAURENCE STALLINGS in his introduction to *The First World War—A Photographic History*, "or calculate an exposure in a wheat-field dripping with blood?

"The unbelievable thing is—that some men did, and lived to develop the negative and print the picture. . . . Many of these pictures hold a secret, as securely as the dead hold theirs. . . ."

By universal testimony from the seats of the mighty, and by heart-felt tributes from the rank and file, *The First World War* has been hailed as the greatest of all the war books. Not in ten years has *The Inner Sanctum* seen any publication greeted with such impassioned eloquence—a tidal wave of acclaim mounting to crusading fervor. Men of war have vied with men of peace in doing it honor; men of letters have joined with men of affairs in proclaiming its effectiveness "as a record, as a visual excitement, as a bald-faced reckoning of the costs"; men of faith have echoed and reiterated the homage of women of renown. Among the many noted leaders of American thought who have paid tribute to *The First World War* are:



WALTER LIPPMANN
HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE
HERVEY ALLEN
RAYMOND MOLEY
NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
HEYWOOD BROUN
ARTHUR BRISBANE
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
THOMAS BOYD
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS
NORMAN THOMAS
JANE ADDAMS
IDA TARBELL
GILBERT SELDES
GEN. PEYTON MARCH, U.S.A.
GEN. JOHN F. O'RYAN, U.S.A.
CAPT. DUDLEY KNOX, U.S.N.
CAPT. JOHN CRAIGE, U.S.M.C.
REV. CHARLES E. COUGHLIN
REV. DANIEL POLING
REV. RALPH SOCKMAN

Here, in five hundred and thirteen un-censored, un-retouched photographs, is the camera record of Armageddon, the picture cavalcade of the first World War . . . a march of time preserved for posterity by the split-second candor of a thousand cameras, "while men were rotting away like hay in the wheat-fields of the world."

MEMORABILIA OF THE WEEK: *More Power to You!* by WALTER B. PITKIN is still setting the pace on the best-seller lists for general literature. . . . HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON returned from Europe in time for the publication of his latest satire on the human race, *An Elephant Up a Tree*. . . . Latest candidates for best-sellerdom are *Happy Days* by OGDEN NASH and *Dumb-Belles Lettres, Lallapalloozas from the Morning Mail*, compiled by JULIET LOWELL. . . . Both books are violently massaging the diaphragm of the nation (belly-laughs to you!). . . . RED-LETTER EVENTS OF THE WEEK: Welcome home for LAURENCE STALLINGS. . . . *The Ballets Jooss* at the Forrest Theatre (the Danse Macabre of the Diplomats is doubly dramatic on the eve of Armistice Day). . . . ARTUR SCHNABEL's titanic playing of the BEETHOVEN sonatas at Carnegie Hall last night . . . and that unforgettable dramatization by JEAN FERGUSON BLACK of CHRISTOPHER MORLEY's *Thunder on the Left*, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. . . . What a rock-shivering caption that would have made for one of the heavy artillery pictures in *The First World War!*

—ESSANDESS.

A new kind of
INTERNAL REVENUE
. . . coming soon
Christopher Morley's
INTERNAL REVENUE

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Quercus had his ear to the wrong piece of ground; the Nobel Prize for literature goes this year to Ivan Bunin of Russia, not, as rumor twirped, to Sillanpaa the Finn.

☞Speaking of Finland, Sir Jack Squire, of the London *Mercury*, reports that the best bookstore in the world is in Helsingfors. This news will make our old nominees for that laurel (Leary's in Philadelphia, Blackwell's in Oxford) sit up and scratch.

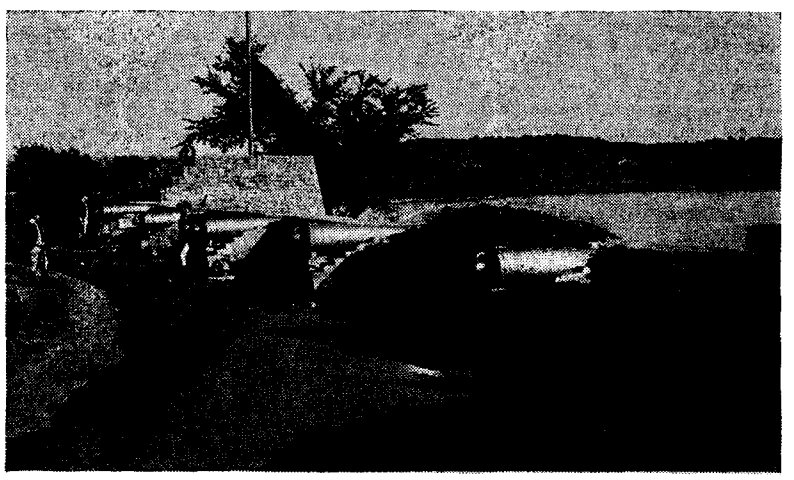
☞There's a pleasant excitement in learning (from Macmillan) that the complete text of Darwin's *Diary of the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle* is now published for the first time. ☞Old Quercus was startled to learn that a Life Insurance Company is reserving for him "a flexible-leather memorandum book made of genuine pigskin." If we had been warned in time we might have saved the life of one pig; none of the Quercuses ever have time to make memoranda; they live on the run from one crisis to another. ☞"Some day you hope to retire from business," continues the Insurance Company. Not a bit of it; Poor Old Quercus left off kidding himself long ago. Besides, Medium and Tertius have promised to support him in his caducity.

☞Appropriately to Children's Book Week, we have been looking through Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's *Early American Children's Books*, published by the Southworth Press in Portland, Maine. You will be surprised, unless you are an expert, to learn that the Doctor has filled some three hundred pages with a bibliographical list of children's books published in this country from 1682 to 1836. (Almost as many as are published in one year now.) Choosing books for your nieces and nephews in the old days was a simpler business, but tougher on the nieces and nephews. In fact, you can't imagine what a break the boys and girls are getting in their reading this year until you see a few of the titles that were supposed to gladden their hearts in 1684: such as John Cotton's "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes." Not far on, however, we find "The Wonderful Life, and Surprizing Adventures of the Renowned Hero, Robinson Crusoe." You can't beat that one.

☞Paddy Farrelly was kind enough to lend us a famous mathematical work, Whitworth's *Choice and Chance;* in which one may find the most powerful sermon against gambling—not on moral grounds but on mathematical. This is one of the G. E. Stechert reprints of rare mathematical books. ☞*The Return of Raffles*, by Barry Perowne (with the permission of the executors of E. W. Hornung) is lively and readable, but shows a queer sprinkle of Americanisms—introduced for the cisatlantic market? There seems to be some confusion between $ and £—see p. 220 and p. 298.—How many readers here know what a "googly man" is? (p. 268.)

☞The famous Stewart Kidd bookstore in Cincinnati is well known in the trade. We hear with interest that the Stewart interests have been acquired by John G. Kidd, and from January 1st the firm's name will be John G. Kidd & Son, Inc. The Quercuses send John Kidd all good wishes and congratulations. ☞Our excellent correspondent H. J. M. is not only a book collector but also secretary of the Greater Chicago Cage Bird Club. He says we should all visit the Empire Cage Bird Show at the Hotel Pennsylvania, November 11-12. A "mule," he tells us, in bird-fanciers' talk, is a cross from a goldfinch and a canary. Some of the birds travel 5 or 6 thousand miles in the show season, and command a price up to $500. "So do some books," he adds— "but darn few books can sing." ☞An advertisement which sang mighty well was the John Day announcement (*Saturday Review*, Sept. 30) of a 32-page pamphlet describing Pearl Buck's *All Men Are Brothers*. At the last check-up, nearly 500 readers had written to the John Day Company as a result of this one notice. ☞Quercus was pleased to see the name of Julian Street, distinguished author and connoisseur, listed among the directors of the hundred-year-old firm of New York wine merchants, Bellows & Company. Trade Winds has it in mind to do some authoritative reviewing of moot vintages. Individual bottles or case goods upon which an expert opinion is desired, should be forwarded, unmistakably marked for *Old* Quercus.

Here's a prose
JOHN BROWN'S BODY
of the Revolution
in a novel . . .



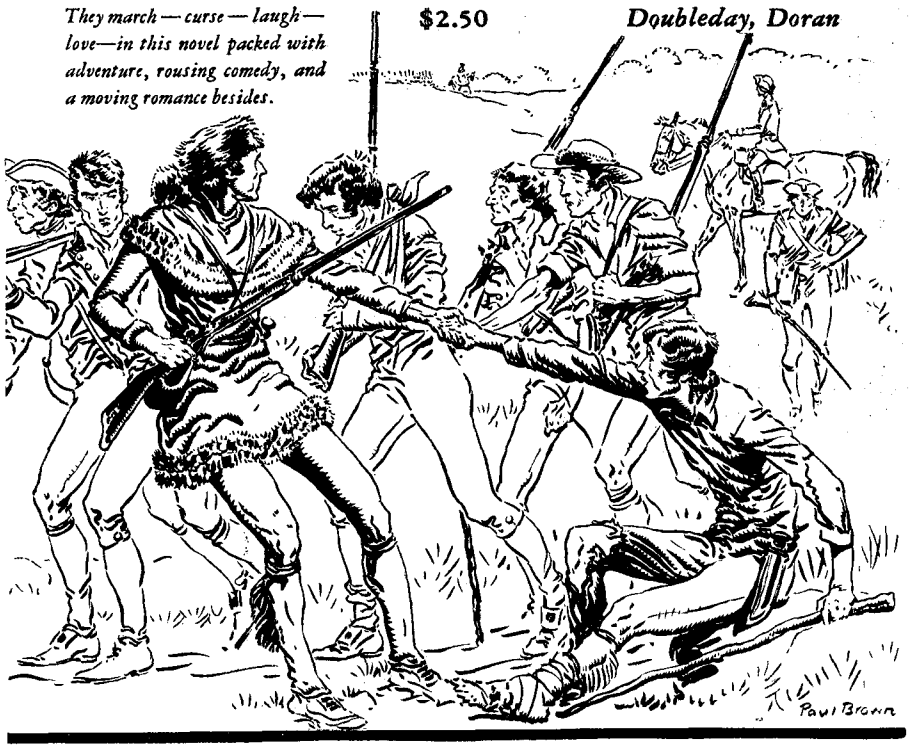
Gun parapet at Fort Ticonderoga once stormed by the British, now a promenade for historically minded tourists. The tax assessor blinked twice when he found the fort was owned by a private individual—Stephen Pell, who achieved a lifetime desire when he bought it.

This is the book that moved Carl Brandt, the famous literary agent, to say, "I've surrendered as completely to *Rabble in Arms* as did Burgoyne to Gates," and Christopher Morley to write in the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, "One hears the crack of musketry at Saratoga, the cries of wounded men in the wheat-field . . . and the gay music of that old marching tune 'The World Turned Upside Down'. . . ." William Rose Benét, too, is urging you to read it as "a really truthful view of Us in the Revolution." It's 860 smashing pages of real people living through a real war, caught by the author of the two greatest historical novels ever written about America—*Arundel* and *The Lively Lady*.

RABBLE
IN ARMS
by KENNETH ROBERTS

They march—curse—laugh—love—in this novel packed with adventure, rousing comedy, and a moving romance besides.

$2.50 *Doubleday, Doran*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED